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THE MESSAGE OF ANNE SIMON

"There is no death"

Mme Simon

THE MESSAGE
OF
ANNE SIMON

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TO ANNE SIMON

From Winter Number of *Poet Lore*, 1916

At Colorado Springs, in mid-summer, Anne Simon, an unusual spirit, passed away.

Between the great pillars of power, that supervitality to arouse, to quicken, to stimulate others, and an overflowing love that extended even to inanimate things, there existed in her nature sympathy, tolerance and understanding. To these traits were added many qualities of charm, and gifts that made her the remarkable Woman.

Anne Simon was a true friend, and penetrated to the innermost sorrow and need. Her broad culture and spiritual insight opened the wider vision for many.

She was an artist who loved suggestion and shadow in music, painting and poetry . . . the fallen petal, the grace of the single flower, and the concentrated beauty of the precious stone. She left a remarkable journal of the great and golden thoughts of the Masters, from Plato to Pater and D'Annunzio, between which, unfolding like a modest flower, were her own thoughts on art, religion, education, and beauty.

On her brow rested the touch of genius.

In her journal, she mentions the mystic stones, the chalcedony, beryl, sard, chrysophrase, jacinth, wine-yellow topaz.

Of perfumes, frankincense, champak, spikenard, hovenia, aloes.

Of words that had the power of evoking a mood for her, Tyrian, Antigone, chalice, Hellenic, vesperal, chimera, faun, cenereal, laurel, pomegranate, lutes, papyrus, Ionian, feudal, pastures, lagoon, alembic, plinth, porphyry.

As with all profound natures, she often craved silence and solitude, and in the last days of her earthly life had no greater delight than the quiet of star-lit evenings far out on the plains of Colorado, or the deeper gloom or isolation of night, as it wove itself about the fantastic shapes of that garden of stone, well named the "Garden of the Gods."

Literature and music were her most beloved arts. In the former, she was the profound thinker and student. She sought the word in its many facets, and lingered lovingly over the phrase. She speaks in her journal, of "the scholarly pleasure to know the first meaning of words," and of metaphors, "subtle as the flower-fragrance that one must listen for, in order to fix."

As an artist, she was the exponent in her pianistic work of weights and grades of touch, that would be responsive to inner moods. Her last public performance was as participant in the evocative music of a piano and string trio of Debussy, given on the morning before her illness.

It is as Modernist, however, that Anne Simon is

best known. She looked into the quiet pool, but loved the running waters. To her the peak was only the goal that led to still higher vision.

Her own thought from her book is this: "He mistook the tent suitable only for a night under the stars, for a house built strongly enough for a life's occupancy."

In the Futuristic writings of Italy, she found the spirit and the unrest that brought to her the greatest stimulus. To her they signified the progress towards the newer epoch. During twenty summers spent abroad, she absorbed the progressive tendencies of many peoples and discarded their traditions.

She contributed to many numbers of "Poet Lore."

Her "Appreciation of Marinetti, Futurist," shows the keen penetration and sympathy for the iconoclasm and upheaval of the Master, and in her translations, especially of his "Poems of the Sea," one feels the shattering blows are given in their original splendor and might.

In contrast, she lingers lovingly over the poems of the gentle Pascoli. What she said of Pascoli might equally apply to her: "He was happy in touching visible things, yet always seemed to be looking for a casement, out of which his soul might fly."

In her journal she writes earlier: "The plum-blossoms are to be prized, because they appear in

Winter on the naked boughs, and even in the snow. They fall before they wither. How much more beautiful than to cling to the bough and decay!"

"(In this way I would like to pass out.)"

The wish was gratified, for she passed quickly and without suffering into the "Great Beyond," to be welcomed there by her Peers.

It may truly indeed be said of Anne Simon,

"A Soul whose eyes were
keener than the Sun,
A Soul, whose wings were wider
than the World."

FOREWORD

This is THE MESSAGE of Anne Simon, my wife, who passed into the higher life on August 5, 1916. It was received under what I believe to have been inspirational influences, which, beginning about January 17, 1919, continued for twenty-five days, and then ceased. . . . "THE MESSAGE is The Message! There is no more!" In this short time it was written, usually in the evening hours. The processes seemed normal. There was no trance condition, but the pencil moved swiftly, guided not by my will, and the contents, text and drawings, were evolved without my own mental or emotional stimulation. I was a passive instrument.

Our earth union had been one of unusual sympathy and happiness, and the bond between us, as two artists of similar taste, was strong, fine and sensitive. Anne Simon had a remarkable gift of stimulating others to the highest possibility of fulfillment and accomplishment. Her love-touch rested on many. In a letter she writes: "I am developing strangely! . . . It is all so curious and entirely outside of my volition. I am being guided, led, moulded, changed by some unseen hand and power. These are not idle words. Something is working in and on me. Sometimes the buffeting hither and thither seems cruel—other times, new

riches come to me, the beauties of which I have never even dreamed. And the beautiful part of it is, that I am pursued by Love. I have only to look up and stretch out my hand, and there it is! I can draw to myself what I will. I feel a wonderful power which I don't dare to use—or perhaps I don't know how to use it—or is it possible I have no use for it?"

In her yet unpublished journal, the manuscript of which was reviewed at length by Joyce Kilmer, the soldier-poet and critic, in the literary supplement of the New York *Times,* November 26, 1916, Anne Simon writes: . . . Today I was contemplating the deep blue of the sky, feeling the wine of life permeating every cell, when suddenly an extraordinary perception of God and His love came to me, so that my soul saw itself and all surrounding things from a new point of view. How thin the partition seems between the sensuous and the spiritual. . . .

Spiritualism, as usually understood, had never been of more than passing interest to either of us, though we were receptive to the idea of its possibilities. The Message warns against certain phases of spiritualism, as disturbing the earth-mind and sometimes the earth-usefulness. "Tell mortals, then, not to wish to see the spirit faces, but to open their hearts and send their aspiration skyward like an incense . . . it will be star-glittered."

I believe The Message to be a world-message

that came through revelation. So it is written. It is a joy-message! . . . "Tell mortals, now that I have given them this message, to make their burdens joy-burdens, carrying them lightly, laughing happily, walking swiftly and with earth serenity toward the goal which will be the Mansion for which they are prepared in our Realm, where may be sensed an exquisite and immediate fruition. . . . Believe and know with a new faith and full conviction: There is no death! . . . I have told this to the world-mortals for their regeneration."

May THE MESSAGE bring this greater comfort and full conviction to those who are prepared to receive.

OTTO TORNEY SIMON.

Washington, D. C.,
November, 1919.

As the first Message comes from the press, a second Message has appeared and is completed; also, additional intermediate writing, with eighty symbolic drawings and explanation. A third Message of unusual spiritual significance and elevation is evolving at this time. In all, a voluminous document of more than eighty thousand words has come through since January 17, 1919.

THE MESSAGE

I

Write this! . . . It is I, Anne Simon, Dick, your devoted and loving Wife!

I am coming to you often and give my Message to the world. You will write all day tomorrow. I told you last year in the dreariness of your empty house, and in the desolation of war-times, you would have a message in the future.

Your technic was not perfect. Now write, and write honestly, and with a deep appreciation of the mission. I will begin from what some people call the end. To me it was the beginning. It was gentle and you were watching over me. I pressed your hand at one time. That was to tell you I already knew that all would be beautiful. It was that precious last lingering touch. Dick, the body is so wonderful and how often we only see this in our contact on earth. It is the physical mate and we learn to love it, for in true marriage it is only a thin skim of imperfection through which the soul is undimmed—(yes, that is what I want to say!)—under which there are the living, crystal waters. Notice, I say living water. It is never stagnant and should be running and happy. Sometimes, it stands solemnly under great shadows and then one may see greater depths. Sorrow reaches out so,

and the ripples cease for a while. Welcome sorrow, and then let the waters sparkle again; but do not quite forget sorrow. It is not a superficial friend. It brings one to a greater awakening and to the realization of the infinite. The child of earth cannot always be at play. Sorrow and grief are born mostly from the idea of separation from those who have closed their earthly eyes; so this, even, will be changed. Do you remember how I dwelt on mutability . . . that nothing is fixed? And one of the future great changes in the world-mind will be hope realized in this respect. . . . Emphasize! . . . Sorrow will disappear in a mist of light. The beloved will be seen. The knowledge and surety of the immortality of the soul, its future happiness under the greater influence of love, its development, and the precious knowledge that each will have his separate identity, will come. I know how you crave this idea, Dick. The spirit-world is impressing this on mortals by what communication they can. . . . The darkness will disappear and the rosy dawn will reach to the morning-star.

II

I am writing and am with you again this morning. You want to know my experience of the "passing over." The last hours were painless and I was as if dreaming. I knew in your optimism you did not realize the parting hour had come, and I was happy in this thought. I always wanted to spare you anguish in this mortal-life. Do you remember? . . . Then all was quiet, and a calm, like the twilight creeping down the snow-peaks of the Alps that we so often have seen together came to me. Influences about me! I could feel, but not see. Gentle they were and tender, with that personal love one so rarely is blessed with on the earth-world. Oh, the happiness of it! All doubt gone; just a calm new faith, a complete surrender! It came at first almost with the subtlety of a perfume, ever lifting me upward. I felt sympathy and understanding. They were Influences that knew me . . . and here was the happiness; . . . still, as if in a dream . . . I saw nothing, only felt. You know, Dick, in the earth-life, only you entered my inner portal. Can you understand now? . . . It was as if surrounded by many of the type of my Beloved. Still not seeing, but knowing they were present. . . . And so we are wafted through

the gates of this other life by kindred spirits, never lower in love or aspiration, but always equal to, or a little higher. . . . And it is this principle that does not disturb. The earth-soul is received by his own, and happiness is immediate. . . . Tell this! . . . If aspiration meet aspiration, and love meet love, why fear or doubt the awakening? The influence is so beautiful and immediate. Notice what I tell you; it may be a great hope for those who have stumbled through life . . . the influences that meet you include those higher, too, than your own aspiration . . . so Love awaits them.

III

This is a little talk between. It is so sweet to do this with you. You know our bond, Dick! . . . Do you remember how Elizabeth Barrett Browning was so interested in manifestations, but the "master" would not be converted?

I continue now. . . . I spoke of the beneficent calm that surrounded me, and so I remained for I do not know how long, because time is not noticed; but always was filled with that peculiar feeling of blessedness, the Nirvana, the obliteration of all doubts, the glorious effulgence of undreamed hopes realized, . . . and still I saw nothing in the vision. I can only explain the feeling again as the full realization of love and the personal tenderness of Influences for me, Dick. It was the personal side that seemed to cling to me, a stranger . . . and what a welcome! . . . So that is what the spirit from the earth-plane will first experience. Some have had the perfect understanding of friends. For me there was only one such, found where not always found, by my side in my sheltered home, encircling me with adoration and protection. Imagine many such close communions, all in one, felt, but not seen. You seemed far away, Dick. . . . I could sense your condition, and now and

then a little shadow ran through my happiness. It was your grief. But here again tell the world not to grieve—saint and sinner—all not to grieve, but only to hold up their little lanterns and look into the future as I have told you, and there they will see those who were dear to them, and if love really bound them with a golden fibre, they will see themselves, each beside his Beloved.

IV

It is so difficult as I unfold this, for sometimes there are many things at once that I wish to tell you. You can sense this quickly, but cannot write it down. The sorrow of family is often from missed association. The family is not always the surrounding influence that awaits us. In my own case they were of unusual types, some from the strange East, with which I was not in life familiar, but to which I put out little filaments of feeling, which attracted colors and subtle perfumes to me. . . . You understand, for I am still speaking of the first realizing of "passing over," how I was thrilled by this. It was not then a placid happiness, but a peculiar satisfaction that I should be placed almost immediately with emotional perceptions of what in me had only been dream-life. So I will say again, that the first influences we will experience will not always be those our earth-friends and relatives may expect. They do not always know. The aspiration of the soul of earth will meet in the Beyond the souls of its aspiration. What we are, we claim, not what we seem. . . . You remember Joyce Kilmer when you two were together, how, as he sat in my study reviewing the journal I left (I did not expect that, Dick),

he said he would have made me known to his colleagues. That is what I mean, and that is what I felt in those first moments with the old dross of body obliterated. I only felt they were with me —friends—so strong and beautiful and yet impersonal. Sometimes I felt one influence stronger than another as if one individuality was trying to impress and get closer to me . . . and that was my first idea of identity here through perception, and it was always the subtle essences that I had lived in dreams, that seemed the stronger. It was all so new and marvelous (yes, that is the word!). . . . I could sense color-clouds, vast and moving . . . space . . . immensity of distance . . . strange rivers and trees I had never seen, flowers everywhere of unusual luxuriance . . . and the perfume was subtle and seemed to come in waves, overwhelming sometimes. Still, only impressions as in a dream, but so vivid for a while and then disappearing, which would leave me in happiness, satisfying and equable. . . . (No, you must stop now!).

V

You ask about "The Beyond." . . . Well, dearest, it is a place of many activities where each one is shining as it were by the light he created and which is always growing. Love greets love here, and talent is happy with kindred talent. . . . There are helping influences about us, spirits still higher and more radiant that lead us onward. There is love here, such as in mortal-life one only caught a gleam. It is continuous and omnipresent. Can you imagine the happiness radiating from this? Self is recognized only so far as progression is concerned, and love flows from each like a perpetual river that carries through discouragement, and these are as rare here as they are frequent in the other life . . . the love-element abides and overwhelms. This is what mortals express when they say, but do not understand, "Heavenly Bliss." . . . Dear one, we are radiantly happy, and *this Life awaits all Mortals.* In your talk with the clergyman you emphasized "God is Love." . . . He said also, that God is Justice, which includes punishment. In that he was right and wrong. The punishment exists in the remembrance of great sins, but God's love is love, and through us who have "passed over" this permeates into those souls

who have been unclean or wicked, and they are made white. . . . This is God's mercy and expressed in the phrase you love "Divine Compassion."

There is Identity here! You will know me. And give the message: There is no Death, but there is Life, a new Life, which mortals will understand when they know love. The veil is thin (use gossamer; it is beautiful!). Love will rend even this. . . . Give this message!

VI

JANUARY 19TH.

The light came, the spiritual eye by which I could visualize . . . my spiritual hearing awoke, and what combinations of undreamed harmonies came to me in a peculiar wave-like continuity, and the odors were like those in the freshness of the awakened spring from wild-flowers . . . every sense quickened to a degree not to be expressed in the words of mortal life.

I saw! . . . Can you think of one blind on the earth suddenly given sight to the beauty-suggestiveness of an early evening in a far southern tropical land . . . fading colors from a recent richer opulence . . . a mystical light hovering over vast spaces . . . can you imagine the awe and wonder to such a one to have the mortal eye opened for the first time in such beauty, and the realization of the tenderness of such love that would so lavishly feed the hungry soul with the spiritual significance of beauty and space . . . can you imagine the awe and wonder to such a one? . . . Then imagine, in mortal language, a million-fold! . . . So this vision came to me, Dick. You know me, who have thirsted for the subtleness of word-music, and who felt perfumes in sound. Can you not see me pros-

trate before . . . yes, God, is the word, dearest? Now do you understand something? Weighted, weighted we are on earth by the senses, by a dominant sex, by perversion, by trouble, toil and care. Sometimes we catch the gleam. Do you remember how we used to say: "Follow the Gleam," and how humbled and grateful we were when we perceived it, yes, . . . maybe through the shadows? Even sometimes when the shadows only were apparent, we knew it was not far away. Tell mortals to worship the "Gleam" and nurture it in their hearts, for it is of God, and bursts into a richness (no word . . . no word!) that appals us (no, no!), overwhelms, . . . prostrates, . . . transfigures, . . . when it unfolds to us for the first time here. The mortal earth-race is tending upward. Little by little the dross will drop away. Help each other and look for the spiritual symbols. They quicken. But the long earth-career must continue. The individual is soon given relief . . . a few duties, well done. Tell them to love and be kind, Dick. And now they know, as I am telling you, they should not fear; only each one must work on his little earth-plot, and raise flowers, and dig the earth, and pull weeds . . . and pull weeds from his neighbor's plot. . . . Tell them often to reach over, Dick, for while they do this, they will see flowers that were not there before . . . A flower . . . yes, you are right . . . it is like the baby!

VII

Yes, . . . I am here. . . . Write! . . . It was not only beauty, a word so inadequate for the spiritual awakening that permeated the entire consciousness; but it was bound with a love which came to my realization as its essence, and also the personal influence was so tender and exquisite as if love wished me to blossom with its fragrance to higher strata (yes, that is right!) of perfection. So a gratitude welled to a greater happiness . . . and so I have seen God here, as we perceive Him on the earth-plane through vistas of shadow in a dimmer way. But here the glorification is supreme. And yet, I am told, later . . . later . . . new visions, indescribable now, will open to all of us who are here. And who is here . . . and what are we? . . . Dick, I hear you asking the question many times.

We are Radiance with Identity . . . a Spiritual Essence! We are many . . . there is no earth-word for the number. We have the soul-qualities of the earth clarified by this nearer and overwhelming God-Life. Our senses of sight, hearing, and the sense of fragrance is exquisite for enjoyment. The instruments of the higher medium are adequate for the enjoyment and acceptance of the new

spiritual environment. On the earth-plane we groped toward love and beauty. Here it is as overwhelming as inspiration . . . the marvel and ecstasy of it all! We have our mental perceptions, our senses are more acute, our logical and analytical tendencies are brilliant in processes (yes, that is right!); . . . but it is love, beauty, sympathy that seem to hover over these sterner faculties as we thought of them on the earth-plane. We can reason out if we wish to, but through intuitive processes all is easier and these seem to be the universal medium. . . . Intuition! . . . You remember, Dick, how I dwelt on this and how often I told you I listened for the "voices." . . . Let the world listen for the inward voices. . . . Jeanne D'Arc was right. . . . Calmness, quiet, silence! Then open the heart and ask! They are fluttering so near and waiting; they are communicating from the Realm of Light. . . .

VIII

The medium of communication is finer than the magnetic ray . . . a communication through ether-space. . . . A medium which is far finer than electricity, as heaven is of earth. This is our communication here. Conditions, atmospheres, personalities, are immediately sensed. . . . Telepathy is for earthly use, a medium for the earth-man's later use. Sometimes I had this development when I was with you in the body, but the spirit-language in the spirit-sphere where I am is this subtler essence, so that entire conditions may be sensed at once and not one little portion. Do you understand me, Dick? I am trying to write to you in this earth-language that I used. It is strange to me already and seems so like something in little blocks that you piece together. The intuitions of the genius and the artist come through this finer material of communication of the spiritual world. The flash sometimes comes in ordinary communication to a mortal, but to the genius it is always the suggestion of a unique fitness and appreciation of the principle of beauty, which he gives to the world, or himself as the medium, through which our communication passes. We always hope to bring those of earth nearer to us and to arouse goodness and

kindness and brotherly love. So, Dick, you see this is a beautiful part of existence here, a helpfulness to those who are bound to the earth by earth's cares and temptations. Serenity encourages its efficacy. Even if those steeped in wrong-doing would relax and encourage a passive condition, they would find Angels near to them. So tell the world to be more quiet. The God-Head enters through the Portals of Silence. Dick, my Beloved (yes, write it!), stop now. . . . I will come again.

IX

I am here, and will write. . . . Nothing is lost that we have on the earth-plane except the body and what pertains to it. And the other faculties, how they spring up to a joyous new birth here! Oh, the glorification in this new garden of flowers watched and nurtured by the greater beauty and love! Now I realize that I was sleeping below, and that the occasional dream was the fleeting glimpse of this larger awakening. Do you realize how the earth-language has become like some clumsy vehicle, inadequate to express all that I experience? So at times, surrounded by this peculiar ecstasy of place, I imperfectly use the word-medium.

We do not communicate through language, as I have told you, but by a magnetic emanation (yes, that is right!) which has only its weaker earth counter-part in electrical vibration. Through this finer expression we communicate, not by phrases or sentences, but by an entire . . . soul-wish. Dick, don't you remember how impatient you always were with the person of slow sentence, and would always help him out and tell him what he was going to say? You made often an abrupt impression of interference. You felt his entire thought by intuition. . . . But that is what I mean. What-

ever is communicated leaves us in the Larger Life in its entire significance and is immediately understood. I do not mean by every spirit of life, but by those who are about us, and these are the understanding ones and our happy companions . . . and happy because of understanding.

X

So there are innumerable such communities.

These are the "Many Mansions" . . . not selfish Mansions, for all who seek us are welcomed; only some may be happier elsewhere. Dick, we await you! . . . Not every husband is here in the Mansion of the earthly wife. You can understand why. In the communities of this place of Heaven, love, kindred affection, interests, intellectual and from the heart, all bind us together.

This is the Marriage of Heaven. . . . Sure, surē, each one will find his own dwelling-place, and if he realizes well, he will build well in the earth-life. The types with me are sensitive. You are in vibration with them. We have all felt on the earth's plane the dim realization of this radiance . . . gold! . . . gold! . . . effulgence, that is here. Aspiration makes the golden essence. Many of those with me have lived my own sheltered life; others have seen the struggle and flame. They are from different lands and different worlds, but have all aspired, doing with the hand in one world, while the vision longed for the spiritual and the ideal of another . . . (yes, that is right!).

XI

Dick, I did not write so explicitly on the earth-plane. It may be thought tiresome now, but there is so much I must write, for I too am told to write, as you are the earth-medium. Yes, that is what we are told! . . . Those who are with me? . . . Aspiration! . . . I told you! . . . but towards the ideal (not material ends!), through love and beauty and the arts . . . those types of the higher imagination that were already touched on earth by the heavenly, and gave their messages to the earth-world for its uplift (love and beauty!). Some of these in the earth-life wavered from the little rules that man imposes on mortals for his own convenience, and that association may be more smooth. The high stimulus of imagination is often a fiery, untamed and unwilling steed on the earth, and the filaments that we send of fineness and genius often awaken a counter-irritant of earth-desire . . . in the sex especially. . . . Destructive, destructive! Little erosive spots! They eat deeper often. Sometimes, Dick, yes, you are right, a gentle stimulation . . . but a creeping sickness! . . . but if not too virulent (yes, that is right!), they will find the Home-Beautiful for the future, though . . . the serpents may entangle and eat out the heart

. . . and then their House is not beautiful, and the suffering at first is pitiful and overwhelming; for with the remnants of imagination left, the memories of the flowers that might have bloomed remain. Imagination never dies. Such souls return to us and they become healed and revivified, but must first suffer. This is punishment, . . . but Divine Compassion (these are the hovering Angels!) lifts in all tenderness. You will never understand this tenderness on the mortal plane, Dick. Its impression is so marvelous and constant here. I cannot write of it. A great wave of personal clinging to you and enveloping you. It makes the joy here. . . . Joy, joy! . . . (How incomplete these earth-words!) . . . So now you may understand that suffering is here too, a mansion of souls with little gleams of gold yet in their hearts which arise often to taunt them and tell them their opportunities (no!) . . . their dreams had once been golden. But the little grains sink back into murkiness . . . drop . . . drop . . . gloom! . . . remorse! . . . We are all helping these. And so you see how another great iridescence of love is our work here to send to those who have "passed over." It is to give them hope, and reconstruct, and take them when they are ready with a great joy to our own Mansions. And also to those who have not stumbled so in life, but have not caught many visions, who have been good and done their duty and worked their little plots of ground, but have not

been interesting as we thought, Dick, because they had no imagination as we thought we had. . . . For all these we help. And those who have been worldly and frivolous! They must begin quite low down and we nurture them. And those who have accumulated riches, maybe through oppression, or through talent without much oppression (the first are farther back)! And those who thought themselves the brilliant world-leaders, there are kings among them . . . they have taken off their crowns now . . . all far back, Dick! . . . We feed them with little bits of imagination as you feed a little child. After all, many of these through heredity are what they are, environment, too, false standards and false aspirations and weak wills. So they are not unhappy, because they do not know any better when they reach here. But their stimulation is immediate, and so they grow constantly more happy, because they realize that spirit and imagination are being born to them, and materiality has gone forever. Heavenly bliss begins when the portals are passed. Its degree is proportionate to the earth's preparation and to the beauty and love-sense.

XII

I am here, Dick! . . . The intellectual types like the scientist type and those that deal in facts and mental deductions, that depend on working processes of reason, are like children, too, here. They have had a blind faith, not with wide-open eyes of acceptance, have kept the laws, have been good citizens with exalted earth-position. And yet, the intuitive processes have been rather repudiated by them. Everything to be proven or not accepted! They are often the drag-weights of the world. . . . Precedent! . . . the old rut, well-worn, the new paths with delicate verdure unseen, the beautiful ways through which one may peer and see new vistas of unknown lands. The mathematical truth of existence before venturing! Wriggling figures! Such are here, Dick, but the soil is so barren and difficult that the little grafting of imagination often wilts from discouragement and must be replanted again and again. . . . Leaning on an old staff with fictitious strength! A judge as deacon is a poor prop for Heaven. Tell them so! Those who were exalted on earth, and even beautifully respected, if they have not the little tendrils about the heart that synchronically move with the exquisite in beauty or sound or feeling, will be sadly unhappy here for

a while. The heavenly happiness will not correspond to their earthly hopes and exaltation. . . . The Imagination! . . . a little hidden place where beauty nests, a place of many mirrors. . . . A little flower is pressed to her heart. She looks, and lo! it is a rose-garden. . . . When the world lives in a rose-garden, when there is only one flower planted, Heaven will be near.

XIII

JANUARY 23RD.

Yes, I am with you. . . . It is through the essence of communication that you will know me when you "pass over," an essence that will permeate you before you see me, and you will know that it is I. So we communicate here. You will know me before you see, as if you had seen me. It will give you the same joy, the same surety that it is I. . . . That will be your happiness, will it not be, Dick? So with every mortal who passes into the Beyond, which is now for us the Beloved Abiding-Place. So tell them to await this change with anticipation and joy. If they could only realize this, and I am hoping with you, as the sensitive medium, and known as you are for certain traits, that the Message will spread and broaden over the entire earth-world, and mortals will believe and be relieved of one of the greatest, if not the greatest of shadows that hovers over them from the earliest awakening to the final dissolution.

"We live, my Beloved!" . . . You cannot emphasize this too strongly, and the realization of this truth should lighten the world the moment it is given to the world by you. Do not delay after I have given you this series of Letters.

There will be a last one; when, I cannot tell you now but you will know. Then act. Your own judgment, with the added opinion of those who have had more experience, will suggest the form of publication.

XIV

"Serenity," the word, I mean, I have been giving to you for some hours as you have been walking. Yes, I want to speak to you of this all-pervading peace and calm that inundates (no word!), that places like a Fatherly outspread Hand of blessing. That is the feeling . . . through and through! It all seems to be built on this great peace . . . eternal peace. But, Dick, here the world is wrong . . . it does not mean inactivity! We are in activity and progress all of the time. . . . Emphasize! We are in peace but not "eternal rest," meaning inactivity.

Eternal peace is not eternal rest . . . for the peace is the brooding peace of goodness and beneficence, which includes all of our progress and the help we give to our fellow spirits, and the help and watchfulness we give to mortals. I hear you saying: "Nothing matters on this mortal earth but what you are writing to me!" *It is true,* and is your revelation through me, and I am the medium of Love and God. . . . Oh, my own Beloved, to be of service to the world and my beloved mortal brothers . . . and that my own husband was chosen to help me! Dick, since I have left you nearly three years ago you have been tested and

have stood the ordeal, and for this reason have been chosen the medium of this revelation. Why have I been chosen? . . . It has been told me, but I need not write this. . . . Maybe, . . . it must be, because I was prepared for this. . . . You are writing this evening a Message of vast importance. It is going through your fingers as fast as mortal fingers can write and is inspirational. . . . I leave you now for this evening. I will come again. You are my beloved husband.

What you wrote in your studio the early part of the afternoon was my writing. It is not altogether facile but do not change it. At times, according to conditions, we, like mortals, do better than at other times. . . . You mean what I said about the scientific mind as dry and poor soil for Heaven? . . . Yes, that is true, they are like wooden puppets!

XV

JANUARY 24TH.

Yes, I am with you still. If it is not too late I will write. After all, I feel and know you deem this more important than a few hours' loss of sleep. . . .

There is the later identity through vision. I have explained that in one of my former Letters. . . . After the first consciousness of unseen influences, there comes the time of spiritual sight, through spiritual vision . . . and then you will know me as you see me through vision, besides that great permeation of soul-essence by which we communicate. You will find the visual identity through radiance, and form, and facial physiognomy. . . . You will know me, Dick! As all the earth influence has fallen away, so the faces of the spirits of our world have been purified. The light from the eye has the radiant soul-quality (that is right!). Any grossness of face has changed to sharper and clearer outline, the lines of the cameo. . . . I cannot better describe it. The spiritual body I can only describe as radiance; the form, as grace; the face, as light, through which shines love.

Tell the world that Identity exists and that love will meet love. . . . I have told you!

You must not write now. . . . Wait! . . . I will come later. The conditions are unreposeful. No, not now! Do not even make the copy now! Only when you are alone and in repose, for either task. The one is inspiration, the other is its shadow.

XVI

JANUARY 24TH, LATER.

Yes, the time is right now. The glare from the light is too much. . . . In the light, but not excessive! Quiet! I will write. . . . Impassive! . . . The baby-world has been in your mind and I placed it there. . . . Yes, they are here, little bits of radiance (I see you smiling!) with the baby features. I know you love them, Dick, and they are treasures here, as on the earth-plane. They have "passed over" before touched by earth-contamination or temptations (yes, that is right!). Certain embryo qualities and heredities go with them; but the little spots of imperfection are more easily irradicated than if they had lived out the span of mortal-life.

Each mansion has this precious childhood, for the tendencies they have will give them their Mansion. . . . So these are our sensitive children that had in them the little clinging petals, not yet unfolded, of aspiration for beauty and fineness. Can you not imagine, Dick, that we will lavish our dearest love on these? The earth-parents of these will come later, the full flower reaching to the little blossom that has dropped from the branch. . . . So we are of a kind here, a soul kind, from babyhood to . . .

no, . . . not old age, for those of years are revivified here. The body and the infirmities have fallen away. The old become young again, the eyes glorified and the features become chastened. So when the old pass over they will see youth again. Tell them so! The world has dismissed hope from most of their hearts. It is the youth-feeling of love and happiness that gives the spiritual body its grace again, and the spiritual face its light-gleam. Babyhood later reaches our stature. So the mother of earth may expect to see her earth-baby nurtured under the heavenly influence. The mother will always know the child. Tell the mother that! . . . and the child will seek the mother, if its soul vibrates with the mother-soul.

XVII

So, Dick, you see I have my baby now. You remember how I hungered for them on the earth-plane? Do you see, they are all our children in this Mansion and each one here lavishes the personal love and caress of tenderness because they are part of our fineness . . . or if they were not, their home would be elsewhere and they would be nurtured towards perfection by their own kind. So tell the women who have been childless and whose hearts have hungered as my own did in mortal life, that they will feel the beauty of possession and motherhood, oh, so exquisitely here. Yes, I must reiterate, because I want to give a great unfolding joy to those of which I was a saddened one on mortal earth. They will find motherhood, and the child will be of their spirit. But the sense of possession in this Realm is subordinate to the larger responsibilities (Yes, that is the word!). The babies are here, and in this atmosphere of love and ecstatic (no, not the word!), rapturous (always the calm is about it!) happiness, the baby just opens its great eyes and grows. Tell all the mothers who have grieved for the little ones to be happy. For each little blossom (yes!) will know its adored mother-flower. Often I see you stopping the babies on the

streets, Dick. You love the wonder in their eyes and the babies' smile. It would not be Heaven without these, would it, Dick? . . . They will greet you!

XVIII

Yes, I am happy with you. . . . Write this evening! . . . The spiritual emanation that we send to earth-mortals we can scatter like the winnowing grain, and we do! . . . for good, for happiness, for purer thoughts (the habit clouds the God-life!), for radiant ideal and profound beauty (not the surface-glitter!). Beneath each bit of beauty is the Angel-face. Look for these through the little cares and disturbing elements of life many times. So often, so often let them rise to the surface, day-dreams through the clouds and mists . . . silence . . . rest . . . shadow! . . . (not in bright light!) . . . The elements flood, no, . . . permeate (only earth-words!) for construction and healing and love. So as I have told you, Dick, tell the world to be receptive and quiet. These are the presences you feel (not actual), . . . the emanations sent by us (Yes, that is right!). About you, Dick, there is constantly such an aura I send and we send to reach the fertile ground. And not a human heart but has its little soil all dug and watered and waiting (this through the Divine Compassion), an often so small Divine spot where love may still lodge and blossom. The derelict, sometimes very waterlogged, will always have its little place of

buoyancy that it may float on the waters of life, deeply submerged perhaps, but still will feel the opalescence and eternal calm of the first moments of dawn, and see the colors of hope in the sunset.

XIX

I send out to those I have known and to those I love, and they know me. Now do you understand what I mean when I say that such an emanation is the first influence that the newly arrived earth-souls experience when they first pass the threshold of the spirit-world? You will first recognize me from such a contact. It will be a personal love and tenderness not to be mistaken. Emphasize and tell each mortal to believe and to know as I tell them all. Often this element is received before the soul has left the dying and fading body. It was so given to me, Dick. Do you remember my last pressure? I have told you before in this writing. I felt the presences, and knew that all would be beautiful. And in my mortal life I so often spoke to you of the Guardian Angels that were about me. Do you remember, too, how I so frequently spoke of the banishment of fear from the world, that no harm could come to one except through one's self, and how I dwelt on the neglected faculty of will, to do and to conquer? So Heaven is sent earthward to the soul about to be released from bondage. There is no groping to Heaven, Dick, a blessed thought to mortals! Happy itself, often, so very often, the very last look of happiness and serenity

(that is one beautiful earth-word!) on the features that remain, is the soul's last seal of affection and farewell for the body that has been its home. Maybe a little broken and weak in places, but it has been our abode for the mortal life, and we touch it tenderly with our spirit-fingers as we leave. . . . Yes, that is what I want to say!

Tell the world, however, this and emphasize: This emanation of beneficence does not originate with the spirit-influences. They are the Messengers of the Higher Love. Spiritual gifts received are sent outward like rays of light. As we give, we are replenished. Be thankful! Pray!

XX

JANUARY 26TH.

Yes, I am with you already. I have been waiting for this hour. You ask me how do we keep growing, we who are in this Mansion of Aspiration? . . . We had on earth, as you know, our talents, maybe gifts, maybe even through the Heavenly forces the deeper insight that the world calls genius. And the humble often have the golden heart (yes, that is right . . . the best I can do with earth-words . . . stupid little cubicles!).

No, inheritance has little to do with genius, for there is such a vast difference between the talent of mediocrity and the burning fires and Heaven's penetration of the genius. Genius is our child, favored, maybe, because of some little fertile spot in the heart of a fragile earth-baby (yes, that is right!), unseen and unknown by the world, where we lay this gift. And then we nurture it through the emanations by which we surround. The sex does not matter, for genius springs from the woman-type, though often through the man-body. Such a child is born with the aura, and we know it will return to us as our own child in our own Mansion.

But how we keep growing? I hear you ask

again. Does the poet write, or the musician play or compose, or the painter use his rainbow of colors? . . . Wait! . . . There are spirit-processes for all of this, strange to the mortals of earth. The conception and development of a work of art on the mortal-plane is laborious. You know how the earth-genius often labors for years on a great master-work to which later perfection gives the impression of spontaneity. With mortals the vision is not continuous. It must come in little patches, each so dazzling and brilliant that it enervates by its strength. So there must be long periods of rest, of recuperation in the genius so the spirit may again be freshened and receptive. The white heat of inspiration for too long enervates. Then often later come loneliness and discouragement and non-recognition. A new star in the Heavens! Busy little men below seeking material profits instead of star-glimmer (yes, I like that!) . . . . And the suffering of the genius, . . . clouds between him and the Heavenly forces that he knows are guiding and leading him for a purpose! And often the body dies before the pure gold is seen. . . . But his soul of beauty belongs to us.

XXI

I will answer as you ask! . . . We follow our beloved arts here, each, the one or the different ones he treasured on the earth-plane. We use our imagination, our sense of fitness, taste (weak words, even on the earth-plane!), the intellectual factors that may give a balance, judgment. Each artist functions his art. It is created in his imagination as on the earth-plane with all the necessary qualities of his spirit-mind and spirit-soul. Only impress this: Under inspirational conditions, glorified (no word!), it is then sent out as emanation and becomes part of the Heavenly essence and beauty. It loses its own identity but helps to create this vast Realm (no words!) of untold and indescribable harmony and color and radiance. There are no words. You remember how I struggled for words in life? . . . Dead, inadequate symbols they are indeed for the visions that are before me now as I guide you through this writing. And so by these emanations of our art we are helping mortals to prepare, we are aiding those who are already here to understand beauty, and we are helping to keep Heaven itself beautiful. So each spirit will function his own, and what is needed in each one will grow, and happiness will come to him because he is growing.

Each feels a personal share in the many-worlds-progress, and in helping to make glorious this Beloved Home of Many Mansions. For, Dick, it is not only we who live in this House of Aspiration that may be doing our part . . . but each community . . . no, each aggregate of affinities (that is cumbersome!) sends out. . . . How many? It is beyond numbers and we are beyond numbers . . . (only wait, it is difficult!) . . . only influences count. We need each other. Some things the artist needs besides art-fineness. Other soul-traits come to us. We are all giving, Dick, and receiving, too. Is there any more beautiful thought than the Divine replenishment to fill the individual need? It is so personal and all enveloping. Yes, I cannot describe it!

XXII

There will come the regeneration of the world through the arts. Tell mortals this! In my own beloved land of earth I see an awakening. I hear the bells ringing. They are clearer than church bells. . . . Sometimes I hear the latter. The tones are dull. Let the churches help more. Drop the little fences around them. Tell the clergy to come out into the open. Keep the veil of holiness about God . . . threadbare now! An empty church is often a shrine, a crowded church a desecration. . . . Pray for the church! . . . Pray twice for the clergy. (Yes, that is right!)! Tell them not to play with the Holy Ghost . . . the people will rise! . . . There are holy men of God in the church.

XXIII

JANUARY 26TH, LATER.

I am here, always waiting. . . . There is so much to be said. . . . In the spirit-land there are not only our world's precious souls that have toiled through duty and care of earth-life, but others. Myriads of worlds they come from. What man with his . . . (wait!) . . . little magnifying glass of vision has discovered, and from (no number!) untold systems of undreamed creations (yes, that is right!). On many of these, God's soul-creatures live that correspond on the earth-plane to man, and these come to us, too, when they pass out of mortal life. To some, the span of years is less than ours, to others, many, many times longer . . . an incident!

Where there is One God, and that God is the God of Love and Beauty, the development of the creature towards love and beauty is not dissimilar, and yet, there are other planes of development besides ours. . . . "How many" is an earth-dream-term to me now. Numbers and time are not considered here. They mean nothing. So there are higher degrees of fineness and God-quality with mortals of other worlds . . . they are on other planes. We are working toward this. . . . Always a dazzling

(no word! . . . it is surrounded by effulgence) gentleness, love, to lead up higher. Can you sense the glory of it, the ecstatic happiness (no expression! . . . a dull color, "ecstatic happiness!") for this world of serenity and radiance? Always the Father's Hand resting so personally on the brow, overwhelming in tenderness! Can you sense anything, my Beloved, through these imperfect earth-words? . . . Yet, some of those from other worlds are in our Mansion. Where we came from does not disturb the spirit-life. The butterfly forgets his chrysalis, and so the exalted spirit-life of this spirit-world does not concern itself with past experiences. It does help the struggling mortal, though, to higher conditions, but the world-environment, as we knew it in mortal life is of little interest. The spirit-influences here are so constant and virile. There they are weak. The world is a place of early discipline. The colors are dull and grey. But love draws us to love that is there, and to genius that looks skyward. We are always tender with these.

XXIV

The mortal has toiled on, not knowing, through mists and enveloping shadow; the eyes are hooded like the falcons of the chase. But now the light and the new hope have come to the world. I give it to you in revelation. Again, I see your fingers fly over the paper. I will give you strength. You must finish this Message. There is much yet to be said. . . . Tell mortals now that I have given them this Message, to make their burdens joy-burdens, carrying them lightly, laughing happily, walking swiftly and with earth-serenity toward the goal which will be the Mansion for which they are prepared in our Realm, where may be sensed an exquisite and immediate fruition. . . . Again, . . . space, space, . . . extent, . . . (there is no word) . . . and eternal peace! . . . I cannot explain it. . . . "Those Everlasting Arms!" . . . "And He carried the Lamb in His Bosom!" . . . Close, close, we are pressed to my Precious God's Heart. . . .

XXV

We are not always in the separate communities of which I have spoken . . . not always in our own Mansion. But the similar soul-state of spirit-life will reach towards the harmony of similar companionship. So we can reach out with our emanations and sense other personalities. We may not be in complete harmony, but unhappiness is not created. And this we often do. We help each other by so doing. To our Mansion of aspiration and beauty-fineness an added strength comes to us. . . . And so we grow in this way.

Do not think of a "Mansion" as contraction. . . . It is expanse (no word!) . . . a continent (little groveling earth-word!). It is filled with beauty, the essence of infinite beauty, emanations that remain for eternities. We replenish from these (yes, that is right!), and then give out again. "Ages," "eternities" (earth-words!)! Time is not a spirit-word.

XXVI

There is verdure here and flower-life so exquisitely profuse and fragrant . . . and hills and valleys and mountains, . . . always expanse! . . . The freedom of this! . . . Great lakes and greater waters . . . but no more material than we, the spirit-souls. . . . A spirit-essence as we, they correspond to our spirit-life. . . . And there is animal-life and bird-life and bird-song, . . . crystal song, . . . a stimulation as the flower-fragrance. . . . And insect-life, . . . many strange, the counterpart of physical existences on worlds other than earth. . . . All, all of spirit-essence. . . . So God's creations do not die. . . . Tell the world! . . . They have their own existences, their communications, and throw out their emanations; so they communicate with us, the spirit-souls of mortal man. . . . And we understand them as was never done on the earth-plane. And write this: And learn from them, . . . earth-existences that man has trodden underfoot and used as man-slaves, and punished, and sometimes burdened with cruelty. Here they have their existence and understanding. It is God's Love and Goodness to all his creation. They have an inner life which has been hidden from mortals on the earth-plane. We on earth recog-

nized certain qualities which we called instincts. But higher faculties exist which mortal penetration has not discovered. . . . The flower-life, the inner life of flowers is so exquisite as we may study it . . . little microscopic traits of subtlety and fineness and sensitiveness . . . flower-souls! . . . How uncouth we were thought of them on the earth-plane. . . . So again, in this spirit-world there are new delights of finding a harmony and understanding between us and what we in our ignorance called inferior creation. We did not know. . . . A flower thanks God in its own way!

XXVII

Flowers, once more! . . . I stopped with them and begin again to help you to sense their spirit-life here. . . . Their fragrance! The world has not grasped the world-essence through fragrance, a sense more dulled on earth. Here it becomes accentuated (a dull, dull word!), glorified, so that one kneels before it as a devotee at the shrine (yes, that is better!) . . . A rapturous delight here! Not heavy like from swamp-flowers, tainted maybe as growing from muddy and unclean waters, but suggestive as I have told you like the wild flowers of early spring-time . . . always the spring-time! (Dick, do you remember how you always stood before the first little baby-green?) . . . always like spring-time! . . . So with fragrance there is the exhilaration and that peculiar quality of awakening that one senses in spring-blossoms and fragrance. . . . Always the radiance (no word!) of a perpetual youth and happiness and buoyancy, and what the mortal called hope, that brought new energy and stimulus to do even laborious things, that made the eye look upward through the green branches filled with singing birds to the great blue of the sky, . . . God's dear Spiritual Eye looking down on mankind. . . . And so flowers and

fragrance exist here, and our spiritual eyes see great expanses of these, with colors of delicacy unknown to mortals. For with an increased glory of perception and assimilation comes the spiritual object infinitesimally glorified to be perceived. . . . So even to the mortal this principle holds; if he wills it, the influx is limitless and he will see Heaven while yet on earth. . . . And so the flower-world speaks to us through gentle essences and its color-glory. . . . Speaks to us, my Beloved, as we spirits of Light converse with each other through emanations! . . . The flower-soul! . . . we learn from it here. . . . God has given it a high place. They do not die on earth except to come here again. . . . Some of certain species appear again on the earth-plane with each new spring-time. . . . God leaves them for the earth-man. Others seemingly die, but come to us. . . . So tell mortal-man to quiver the nostril and drink in the flower-spirit, to open wider the man-eye and admit their tints and delicate grace so they may rest in the human heart, for it prepares them for the glorified flower-life that is here.

XXVIII

There is no darkness here. I sense the question. . . . The quality of the light is softness (yes, that is right!) and effulgence, the light of serenity and happiness. The spiritual flower-life and the green are always with us. It is always like the first green of spring-time. There are no snows and piercing winds. There is no darkness nor gloom. These were earth-phenomena that hovered over care and earth-troubles. . . . An all-pervading serenity! . . . Our emanations are never hurried, not fluttering, but like a floating bird with quiet wings. . . . The serenity of Heaven is never disturbed. . . . Yes, you have written all as it exists. . . . Tell mortals!

XXIX

Again I come to you. . . . Write! . . . . I hear you asking of the heroes who have fallen in battle. . . . Dick, Heaven's serenity has not been disturbed. I have told you of the "Many Mansions." The soldier who has given up his earthly life gloriously has gone beautifully to his own, and there is the House of Heroes in this Heavenly Realm, the souls of daring, brave and venturesome men who have helped to win the battles of the world, or who have been overcome in trying to win them. This House of Warriors is so different from our own that I can scarcely sense it. We rarely ever give our characteristics to them, or at least they seem to need these just so very little; but they will grow to our appreciation. On some soil our little seeds do not thrive so well. . . . And yet, they have glorious, noble, big traits, these heroes. It is the man-power. We are more towards the sensitive type, feminine, the earth-word. And yet, this element of the soldier-soul is with us also, the soul of idealism that has grasped the sword and fallen in battle. Their sword had always the glint of gold through it. I speak in the language of spirits, though with your earth-words.

Such fighting souls, too, are in many other Man-

sions, where they would have gone had they "passed over" under more normal conditions. So each Mansion will have its soldier-souls. But the warrior, the hero-type, the patriot-heart whose sword flashed under spirit-vitality, inspired, and with the virility of genius, such a one will go to the Mansion of the Heroes.

Every soldier who falls in battle was not a hero. His attitude of approach would decide.

XXX

I send a message with a great love-wave of tenderness to the heroine-mothers and wives whose men have fallen recently in battle. This is the message:

Do not grieve. They have died gloriously! They live! They live and are in happiness. They were in peace when mortal-eye saw carnage and destruction. What suffering they had they bore as men, your beloved sons and husbands. Tenderly, each was taken to his own Home (yes, that is right!). If you are bound in love and understanding to them, they await you. Be comforted! . . . I have told you!

ANNE SIMON.

XXXI

JANUARY 27TH.

I am here and will write now. . . . You will be filled with a peculiar exaltation. I see you spreading your open hands over your brow. I will speak of the Christ. He is here in our midst as a Greater Luminous Radiance than this spirit-creation of which I am one. On each of the many planes He exists as one Individuality, but as separate Forms on different planes. . . . From Him there comes the greater Light as given from the Father, and we as the Angel-messengers replenish from this finer Essence, but the more exalted the plane, the more like to Him are the spirit-presences of that plane (yes, that is right!). We see the Christ with our spiritual vision and there is adoration among the Angels of Heaven. He moves amongst us constantly, and we are exalted. He is the Father's Essence, as are we, but his degree of fineness above our own is infinity, because He is the Son, begotten of the Father, was Mortal Man, suffered and died that we might live the future Life of our existence.

These last sentences by repetition, passing through heartless and thoughtless lips, have become deadened and diluted, and have lost their efficacy

on the earth-plane. To the spirit-life here, by contact, the Personal and Divine Emanation from Christ permeates again into the spirit-consciousness as something new and ever vital and fresh. We receive again as a young child-heart.

XXXII

He moves amongst us, my Beloved, The Christ! And His Presence in this vast expanse of Place and Mansions is felt like an all-pervading inspiration (no word!) . . . exaltation . . . stimulation . . . quickening (gray, dull, dead words!). Yes, we see Him, a Greater Radiance, moving amongst us, and refreshment comes like the morning dews to the parched grasses. For even our essences revivified from earth's influences partake of this Glorified Essence. From Him radiates the Divine Emanation of Love and Goodness. We replenish as we are prepared to absorb, . . . a Fountain of clear Water, always running over with the Mystery of Love, so freely and bountifully given. And always as I wrote at the beginning of this Message, the experience is the personal-clinging Love, received as if all the fountain-essence of Love was poured into your own heart. . . . Christ is with us! . . . Tell the World! . . . The Son of God! . . . And each as He draws into this place of spiritual existence will feel the Folds even as a Glorified Garment wrapped about one in Fatherly Tenderness. . . . The mother-love comes to the earth-child, the earth's standard of tenderness. But here, the Father-Love exists in so much greater

abundance, as do all the stars of the firmament obliterate one little earth-lantern (yes, that is right!). As Christ has brought us to these first planes of existence (for He appeared in many worlds, in many Forms), so He will lead us to the more exalted places. The Emanation of the Holy Ghost, God's Own Essence, He gives to us, the spirit-life of different planes. Through this we advance in our existences, we exalt each other, and we send our beneficence and our healing to all creation-worlds to uplift the mortals. . . . I have told you!

XXXIII

JANUARY 27TH, EVENING.

Yes, I am here waiting for you, the medium of inspiration, my own beloved husband! . . . Here there is a great peace that "passeth understanding," a calm serenity, an unclouded atmosphere through which our emanations of beauty and stimulation pass in waves of equal dignity and serenity. . . . Not inertia, but a progress of infinite solemnity and grandeur that is unruffled and unhurried, and corresponding to the dignity of the infinitude of the movement of world-systems and creations. . . . I am weakly trying to impress magnitude through a mortal word-language, inadequate and child-like, even on its own earth-sphere. And, oh, how impossible to explain this heart-beat of creation! . . . And in this House of "Many Mansions" we exist in an exquisite enjoyment of undreamed beauty and love, our earth-talents and spiritual propensities stimulated, receptive to waves of higher goodness and beauty, sensitive and recognizing our blessings and progression. In that, great happiness comes to us. Helping spirits of life that may need us, giving our emanations to the earth-men, seeking the soil for earth-genius and nurturing this, receiving the emanations of our spirit-kind, knowing the

birds and flowers, grasses and trees as actual communicating spirit-creations (sensing even peculiarities of traits in the different flowers of a kind, just as two sensitive friends might be very lovable, but yet different and distinct), watching the little radiance-babies grow and lift their tendrils of love and affection towards us. . . . All of these are Heaven's interests, my Beloved, and these are the spirit-happinesses.

XXXIV

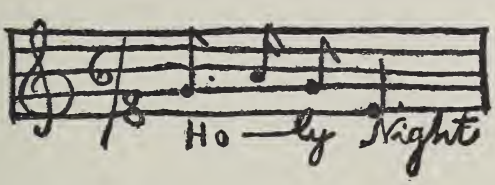
May this Message bring to the earth mortals joy! . . . "Watchman! What of the Night? . . . Will the Night soon pass?" . . . I have given you the answer: . . . "And the Glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together, for the Mouth of the Lord has spoken it." . . . Hear these texts again freshly with the wonder-eye of the child, . . . not with the emasculation of a droning monotony, heard through the ages. . . . You ask? . . . (I sense the question) . . . Have no doubts! . . . It is right, and I am guiding you under inspiration. . . . It is developing. . . . It is I, your Beloved Wife. . . . I believe it will help the world. Now sleep! . . . Yes, that is right, always ask me!

XXXV

Since I have left the mortal-world just three words have been lingering through your consciousness: "God is Love!" I placed them there! . . . Tell the world God is Love! . . . Tell the world that is enough to understand. Tell theology to drop its long sermons, its dry creeds, its trappings, its gaudy word-presentations (little hollow bubbles . . . empty . . . empty, and they look so inflated and honest with glittering exterior!), its sensationalism, its stage-paint. Tell the clergy to pray, and pray unceasingly, for a realization of the text: "God is Love!" They may become old men before it reaches the silent inner chambers of their hearts. Tell them its realization will make them Christ-like and humble. They will be good shepherds. They will feed their sheep, and the sheep will follow them and look at them with more trustful eyes. The sheep are straying now in many places. Tell them the people are seeking to know God and to know love and to be guided. Tell them to find love in each sentence of the Bible and in the blessed arts and in each creation and phenomenon of nature, and if they do not find it, to bring in a little child to help them. . . . And after they have done many things let them return to pray

and ask God to show them again how He, the Father of Love. . . . Is Love. . . . And when He has shown them, they will preach the Gospel.

XXXVI



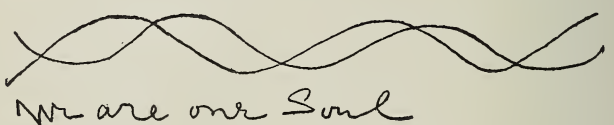
Yes, Dick, I am writing this again, . . . our love-melody, through which gleams the Christ-birth . . . past memories for you and for me! It must go, as I write it, among these Letters. . . . It represents your spirit and my spirit intertwined as we gave the blessed Christmas motets and choruses about the Tree of Light (yes, that is right!). I want it because it expresses the ideality of your reverence, and the adoration you gave from your deepest heart at that time to your serious art. . . . Wait! . . . I sense you do not wish me to say this and have your personality linked with the more exalted one of my spirit-existence. But it must be written as I express this to you. You are the medium of communication. You are writing automatically through my inspiration. I, again, have received this Message which must pass through your communication to the world. . . . I have told you!

. . . Again, I sense your quickness. . . . I come to you often with my spirit-presence. . . . I see you go to a place of green, where there is a figure rising, made by a silent genius-friend. . . . It is beautiful. . . . Tell her! . . . Include the inscription above my name: *There is no Death!*

XXXVII

I draw this flower, my flower! . . . She and you will know! Let its beauty and fragrance bind you three of earth closer. It enfolds you with me! . . . I see you before the shrine in my study . . . the flowers! . . . the virgins with the little Christs, and the candles that gleam there sometimes with a soft light, before which you adore me (I must use the word, my Beloved, for that is what I sense)! . . . I see the illuminated copy of "Holy Night" encircling my photograph, the one you tenderly call "my artist-child," the one of profile . . . and candles beside it! . . . Always the steady flame of the golden candle-light! . . . You remember how we loved the candle-light together, my adored husband? . . . My earth-friends and loved ones I help. Some are scattered now like blowing autumn leaves, but I will unite them closer. . . . Some have suffered. Tell them not to grieve. My comfort and love surround them as in earth-days; my emanations are constantly with you, my presence often. You do not see me, but hear and know

my manifestations. The states of this spirit-world are not to be translated through mortal language, the infinite cannot be expressed through the finite, and especially through earth-language. . . . Earth-language! . . . (wait!) . . . staggering like an overladened beast of burden . . . driven here and there by the passing crowd . . . nobility often emasculated . . . and the pauper wears the crown! . . . Do you remember how I struggled with earth-words? . . . You helped me, Dick. . . . I am your Anne, grateful! I am under a partial earth-influence at this moment. . . . The world may understand. It is just as if I were beside you. . . . I sense the earth-home! I write to you often and only for yourself in this consciousness (yes, that is right!). It will comfort you. It is what we knew together, happily hand in hand. . . . The other, the exaltation and spiritual union is what we will know as One Identity, . . . you and I. . . . I have told you! . . . One Identity! . . .



XXXVIII

JANUARY 29TH.

I am still here. . . . You are receptive. . . . Wait! . . . Yes, I have returned to the higher influences, and speak to you by emanation, and not through actual presence or proximity. We may approach the earth-mortal through proximity. If he had the spiritual eye he would see us. Certain of earth-mortals have this, but it does not go always with earth-soul exaltation. At times both exist. The wisdom of using or cultivating this on the earth-plane is doubtful. I have been with you often through proximity, but did not permit you to visualize. It is better not, for it disturbs the earth-mind and the earth-sensibility and sometimes the earth-usefulness. In earth-proximity the spirit leaves behind him his efficacy, for the time, of Heaven-emanation; so it is better to open the heart and wish the larger beneficence than to visualize the spirit-form. For the spirit-form without its spirit-treasure does not bring the mortal to the higher places. Tell mortals, then, not to wish to see the spirit-faces, but to open their hearts and to send their aspiration skyward like an incense . . . it will be star-glittered!

XXXIX

JANUARY 30TH.

Yes, I am here. . . . You did not finish this morning. . . . Wait! I will begin again! . . .

These drawings imperfectly represent envelopes. . . . The envelope is a spiritual symbol for All-life (yes, that is right!). Into it we place our impulses, their development into deeds and activities, our service, our love. We close it up, not knowing whither it will go when we close our mortal eyes for the last time. Humanity has hoped with a glorious hope. It has read its Bible, said its prayers and recited the creeds. It has taken the last blessed Sacrament with the Word of God on its lips. And yet, there has lurked deep down in the consciousness of man that it might all be a delusion and a dream, that it might not be so, that a peculiar desperation would incite the imagination to beautiful images of lasting bliss and eternal rest. No mortal can truly say that such thoughts have not flitted in stealthy doubt through his inner con-

sciousness. But now, now send the message to my brothers of the mortal world, and again I repeat the message: *There is no Death!* . . . but there is eternal bliss and happiness, the future existence, the sequential development under glorious conditions, as the closed petals unfold to the opulent flower through the tenderness and warmth of the early summer influences. The promises of Christ will be fulfilled. Ring the bells of the Resurrection Morning, the glorious Call to the awakening world to believe again with the larger and more glorious conviction! Christ is risen! Let each day be the Easter-day of joy! I speak to you in the earth-language of the festival of Christians of the earth-world. . . . Other worlds have had their Christ. This Message that I bring is for the earth-man. . . . Other messengers, other inspirations, other mediums of reception for other worlds! I speak for my beloved earth-world, and to all this world. I use the Christian symbol, but speak for all religions. . . . There will be no annihilation for one of God's creatures. . . . Tell mortals this! Even a self-inflicted non-belief will be unfolded to a higher realization through the love that abides. . . . I have told you! . . . Let each earth-mortal do his full measure of service and beauty, let him understand love and kindness, let him lift tenderly the brother who may not be so fortunate as himself, let him seek beauty and follow goodness and be clean in heart, let him walk gloriously in full

realization of the future joy, not doubting nor fearing, let him keep his mind open for the Heavenly messages, . . . the Wings of Angels are ever near. . . . And so he will reach his own Mansion in the Heavenly Kingdom! . . . *There is no Death!* . . . It is the Joy-Message of these Letters. . . . I have told you!

I sense your question . . . the drawings, the envelopes of symbolism which begin this Letter! . . . It is a device of emphasis to arouse the interest. . . . So we teach the child. . . . Mortals are but children.

XL

JANUARY 31ST.

I am communicating now. . . . We are spirit-essences, but I wish to draw some finer differences. . . . All who are in the same Mansion are bound to each other in golden love as we are to those of other Mansions, as we are to mortals on the earth's world and to all creatures, yes, of all the worlds of all creations. . . . Not only the man-creatures, but all creation, even the inanimate stones that lie scattered over earth's meadows, and that man has sensed as spiritless. One sees God's Light in certain stones. Men call them "precious stones." . . . You remember, my Beloved, how the gleam and varied colors of "precious stones" intoxicated me with the beauty-sense. But in the dull and inert rock there is God's love. Yes, say this! They have their communications. . . . Who will say, except mortal man through his yet slumbering sensibilities, that these are lower creations! They are not. They are by man unrecognized in their fineness. The outward apparel which hides the God-essence is infinite in variety. It is the Divine wish that there should be affiliation among all creation, that its members and varieties should work for each other and stimulate in some not understood way.

And from man should come that fine sense of reciprocation that may show itself through a kind nurture. Plant the trees and the flowers and the grasses so they may grow, for they wish to grow. Do not destroy before fruition. They too have their earthly mission and will later come to us. Use certain animal creations that are strong and helpful to solve material problems and for convenience, and have others about you in your home as companions. We learn patience from them, and their affections awaken affection. But be kind and tender with them. Try to understand their ways, and be quiet often and listen to them. They will unfold their world. Soulless they have been called by the mortals. Nothing is soulless. Even there is animation in inertia. So tell mortals to be kind to the other creations besides man and to look on them, now I have given the revelation, with interest and awe and wonder, . . . a spiritual essence! . . . So will the entire world be drawn together by the higher links of love and understanding. . . . I am trying to impress the condition of our more exalted existence on mortal man, so that earth may reach its highest perfection through love.

XLI

FEBRUARY 3RD.

I am here waiting for you. The conditions were unquiet yesterday and it made you restless. Only write in quiet and calmness. I will continue! . . . The man of the earth-world with intuitions dormant knows only his own world, and senses but dimly the Land of the great Spirit-light. He sees other worlds in the dimness of the night and has evolved some of their laws, ever seeking, but is as yet ignorant of the great scheme of the universe. Through his limitations his tendency is to think of the earth-world as all-important, earth-man as God's chosen earth-creatures, and the Land of the Beyond as his Heaven. His vision is small, and a gentle complacency satisfies, . . . "drifting," he tells himself . . . though our influences constantly stimulate to a higher unfolding for him. I have told you that the spirits of mortals of other worlds and systems are with us on our plane, but I have not given you the inspirational message that there are other planes still higher, on which dwells the life of mortals who have lived in other worlds and systems, more exalted because more developed than our own world. These worlds have existed a far greater period of time than the earth-world, so much

greater, as the life of a great world-system is longer than the existence of the animalculæ of a moment. Their mortals, through influence from the higher planes in all the time of their existence, have become a more highly sensitively organized race than the earth-man. So these go to their own places and own planes, which are higher and more exalted than our own. And so there are planes of infinite number, corresponding to the development of mortals of different worlds. But some of the lesser developed ones on these higher planes may come to the Mansions even of our lower planes (ours is not the lowest of planes), and these we have with us, besides our earth-spirits. So you may sense this: Inferior spirits of a higher plane will affiliate in the Beyond and in this Land of Celestial Light with the higher spirits of the lower plane, each one to his own Mansion of this lower plane as he is prepared. So tell the mortals of earth to have a wider vision and to grasp through what I have told you some of the (no word!) stupendous (weak earth-word!) principles of spirit-life, development, and revelation. . . . I have told you! . . . Impress on the earth mortal! New fibres will grow in his will (the will to do and to conquer!) to live the earth-career, so he may reach the great open fields of spiritual life and bliss.

XLII

FEBRUARY 3RD, LATER.

I am with you again. . . . This will seem a strange communication to you and to the mortals of the earth's plane. They have believed differently. This is what I wish to communicate: Mortals do not "see God" as they believe in certain states of exaltation, such as may come to devout, prayerful earth-souls. When I passed into the Realm of Life, there came to me, besides the influences of which I have spoken, the clinging, personal Love, the greater serenity and calm awakening, and infinite trust . . . no, complete inertia, with Supreme Guidance . . . that may be right, but only cumbersome mortal words (little brittle globules that break easily and are found empty!) . . . there came an added inner radiance and glory (dull words!), of which all the wonderful love and tenderness I have mentioned so frequently seemed but the outer covering (the first tenderness already sensed, infinitely greater than man's finest soul-perceptions can appreciate), revolving about a Central Light, as the earth-planets encircle the sun.

This secondary love, already comforting and clinging to the newly uplifted spirit-soul as the tendrils of a clinging vine envelope a flower of ex-

quisite perfume and beauty, or as the iridescence of color encircles the film of a floating bubble, seemed to rise as a mist of Love-Energy from a great Central-Life or Influence that fed it as a perpetual Spring of bubbling Waters . . . and this Fountain of the God-Essence is disseminated in the World of spiritual life, the great Fountain of Energy and Love and Spiritual Beauty throwing its iridescent spray through the Spiritual World in all the Mansions of all the Planes of all Creation. And about these bits of God-Essence cling the beauty-essences of spirit-emanation and of spirit-goodness, an outer garment under which pulsates the God-Heart and Innermost Essence of the God-Head. In each spiritual creation it exists . . . not only in the spirits of mortal man, but of all creation that was called growing and also inanimate, all world-systems that find their counterpart in spirit-awakening and development in the spiritual planes.

XLIII

The God-Essence is for the spirit-places of serenity after mortals and all creatures and creation-life have passed from their material abode. To man and to all creatures and creative life of material worlds this highest God-Essence does not reach, but the influences felt are the emanation of spirits of different planes which have been supernally (no word!) glorified by a Central Influence. Mortal man, then, does not see or feel God as do the spirits of Light of our own and the infinite other planes. He feels the reflection of the great Central Luminosity, which reflection the spirit-life sends to the material planes of the universe. The Inner God-Head is for the spirits of Light. Its strength would be too severe for the mortal, not ready for the transfiguration. So, even in ecstatic moments of mortal soul-elevation, they are the spirit-essences that permeate and exalt. The Essence of the God-Heart is not for mortal creation, but for those who are already on the spiritual plane, and accept it as the Central Essence. . . . I have told you!

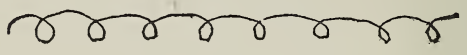
XLIV

FEBRUARY 4TH.

Yes I am here. . . . It is early morning and I have awakened you. . . . Now write! . . . I have drawn imperfectly the cocoon, another spiritual symbol of impressive significance (weak earth-words!). Unwind, unfold it thread by thread, layer by layer, each bit of silky gossamer-texture representing a portion of the life and destiny of an individual world. So the first strand is unwound and untwisted from a mother-world, and its existence begins. Alone in its orbit it revolves according to universal laws it has absorbed for its destiny and progress. Thread by thread, filament by filament, layer by layer the exterior surface is cast away through elimination. Mortal man is being evolved from materiality to spirituality, and so from all of God's earth-creation the physical is being constantly and subtlely changed, permeated gradually by a spiritual element that finally conquers and overwhelms it. Such re-births of mortal and all created things in the world's progression have an added though often imperceptible increase of spiritual

essence in their being. Destiny, which is but the innermost Essence of God's Love, unwinds the filaments of the world-man and creation-existence . . . but it moves toward the Golden Heart! . . . Tell mortal earth-man! . . . The spiritualizing of what is material through evolution, which is God's Love working through system and earth-time, is the cosmic scheme of regeneration. There is no retrogression in world-systems, peoples and creations.

XLV



FEBRUARY 4TH, LATER.

I am writing with you as my medium. . . .

The representation through a symbol of upheaval of world-issues from the God-Spirit, the universal God-Love overshadowing and connecting the world-systems! . . . Quiescence first! Then a gaseous and fiery matter in stupendous activity revolving from its own center with centrifugal and centripetal energy directed by God's inflexible laws of creation, revolving in infinite space later by its own latent energy created by the God-Head . . . a glowing, glorious sphere of liquid fire, suspended in infinite space! . . . and so through countless ages of man's time going to its destiny of higher development. As the single sphere, so the systems of worlds and spheres, each in tremendous cosmic energy, each isolated and angrily alone in its fumes of fire, smoke and vapor. . . . And yet . . . not alone, but bound by God's Love in one chain of worlds, His Essence even now permeating to the center of each fire-heart, from which later is to come quiescence again, the earth-peace, and the birth of mortal-man, animal, insect, plant, stone.

And so were the worlds of creation born, that they might be the places of preparation for the

higher places and planes of spiritual life. . . . But the first fire, I hear you ask? . . . It comes from God's Energy. . . . The central idea of the God-Energy is constructive, then progressive through sequence of mortal growths, then further progress and the state of Blessedness through higher spiritual influences (yes, that is right!). I hear you ask of the ultimate place of Blessedness of the highest plane. . . . No, there will not be a future state of Heavenly rest, meaning inertia, as the last condition of the perfect Life. God is Energy as well as Love. His highest Angels will have their highest happiness through the activities.

XLVI

FEBRUARY 6TH.

[Yes, I am with you again this evening. . . . This is the Tree of Life, a symbol of the passing of mortal-man from birth, the mortal birth, until the re-birth into the Realm of Light and Blessedness.

The soil is below. The roots are creeping through this, clinging, clinging, burrowing into the sub-strata, so that this mighty creation may fulfill its destiny, and reach its trunk upwards, and the branches grow securely from its solidity, and the twigs and softer foliage twine themselves about

each other and grow outwards and upwards towards the soft blue above. . . . Always the tenderness and the clinging quality of these delicate interlacing elements that rise from the stern, rigid, straight and solid central trunk! . . . and then the intimacy of the early green of leaf with the darker green of the delicate twig, or the lighter brown of the later branch. It is the grateful element of disassociation of what would be a mass of living color, into the isolated leaf of freshness and tenderness, exquisitely differentiated for different varieties of species, the symmetries and pencillings and flutterings of the little vertebræ on each leaf. And then from the paternal trunk reach out the larger branches, maybe of kindred sizes, some like each other, but often one strangely different. And often on such a one there grow none of the affectionate little twigs and the shy, modest leaves of delicate texture. Such a barren branch seems sullen and likes to be alone and peer out into space in its own way. And when a hanging branch of green crosses its path, it seems to absorb such identity, so that only the bare, barren limb is seen as we visualize. And so the little leaves often die when they stay long in such company. Sometimes their one twig of attachment is bent so they cannot return to their own kind, which is their unhappiness. But where one little branch with its sisters of green clinging to it is so cast into the shadow of malignant influences (yes, that is

right!), there is joy for the infinite number that are left and that look to the sunlight and feel the tenderness and exquisite gentleness of the blue above them in the daytime, and welcome the serenity of the stars at night. And so the glory of the greater number makes the glory of the tree. The dead branch here and there too is overwhelmed by the happiness and joy-song, the golden song of the green foliage. And later come the perfume and coloring of the blossoms, and in the further summer-time the ripened fruit . . . and then the fall, the dull thud of contact with the mother-earth, who nourishes tenderly with the sap always rising, even when the branches are desolate and bare. And so for mortal-man this tree stands as the life-symbol. He draws his sustenance from the earth with his ever-working, facile and eager fingers. His body grows as the trunk from nourishment below into steadfastness and sturdiness, influenced by conditions and environment and heredity. It is rather inflexible, with here and there growing from its sides fungous growths of temptation or sin, with here and there an isolated barren branch of characteristic or personality that gropes softly outward and downward often, willingly alone like the sullen, nearly sapless branch around which cling the tenderer influences of humbler and gentler leaves that it ruthlessly destroys.

But God's Love has made the leaves and the blossoms of the tree also. They are man's opti-

mism and tender hopes and crying aspirations that crown all and reach with grace and clinging love about the straight and rigid and unbending branches. They are the influences waiting to sooth and to give hope, and they are high and nearest to Heaven, but they grow also on the lowest branches near the earth. And sometimes, even from the central trunk, quite low down, a strange leaf may grow . . . like the wish to give tenderness where there is the greatest inflexibility. . . . And then the fruit . . . that last earth-maturity for which the flower has given up its life, its fragrance and beauty to blend into the full consummation. The ripened fruit falls to the earth and its seeds are scattered, the embryo in which pulsate God's Life and Love, and from these spring the new tree-creations. And when the tree has had its earthly life and dully falls to the earth, or is destroyed, its spirit, the God-essence in its creation, returns to the Heavenly planes and it has spirit-representation. . . . And so with mortal-man! . . . the tree is a spiritual symbol of mortal life. . . . There is no Death! . . .

XLVII

FEBRUARY 6TH.

I am here and will want you to draw. . . . Begin! . . . These are the tangled grasses of the field, another spiritual symbol. They are the fine sensitive types of creation, with the flowers, but without their fragrance and the coloring of the sunsets . . . so lowly and often trodden under foot by man as he walks along looking upward and destroying their life and aspirations, for they also look toward the glorious sun. They are sometimes in great expanse and sometimes in lonely little places, in shadows, and under projecting rocks . . . always so lonely and appealing in such places. And they grow in luxuriance and profusion in their dress of light green, their swinging grace emphasized by

the passing gentle winds, bending low very often, as in adoration, but always returning with slender fingers pointing upward to their own Heavenly places, where they too will go after they fall away and wither. . . . And so they exist to man as a gentle symbol of humility and modesty. They see the passing sweep of the low-flying bird, the flutter of the hovering butterfly, and hear the murmur of the bee as he passes arrogantly by to the brilliant flower-cups, . . . always passed by as not very important to other creation . . . and at their feet the little busy ants hurry on, and the other insect-life has its own duties and cares, and talks to each other, each in his own communication . . . but always without noticing the forest of interlaced, green slenderness and graceful curve above them. . . . And so they seem not very much wanted, the grasses, by the rest of creation, and it has made them very humble. But this humility is touched by God's Grace, and the grasses of the field stand exalted in the Heavenly planes to which they come. From the grasses which have been down-trodden in the meadows of earth- and worlds-planes, the Angels of Heaven learn humility. . . . So let mortal-man also try to understand their gentleness, and to look on them as the symbol of humility, dimly rare in mortal-man, but full of great loveliness, and touched by the bending grace of Heavenly influences.

XLVIII

FEBRUARY 6TH, EVENING.

I am here, always here, awaiting your pencil, with me writing the Message. . . . You have been faithful! . . . Never write when tired. . . . I must write through you when calm, and at rest and in the quiet . . . wait! . . . There are so many things of exhaustless number which I wish to give in my Message to the earth-world, so I must continue and fulfill the mission of my spirit-writing through you. . . . I send the message with strong spirit-force: Banish fear! And again I repeat: Banish fear from the earth-plane! . . . As we go on in mortal life the shadows often seem to grow heavier and the hopes less buoyant, not encircled, as in the time of youth, by iridescent colors. The infirmities creep in one by one, surreptitiously . . . thieves of the night! . . . until they hover over memory and consciousness like the black-massed and menacing clouds of a cyclonic storm-upheaval. Fear, deadly fear of an unknown future lurks near. Men of the mortal worlds drift often toward the great chasm of death trying to forget through little fictitious joys, and close their eyes from this last, for them, mortal catastrophe, which means for so many the unknown and the fearful.

Faith is weak because the great inner calmness is not encouraged, which will permit it to nestle there and be sheltered and exalted. The manifold duties of life are welcomed not so much from the sense of doing, but as flimsy devices, a somber garment that will cover doubt and weariness and deaden fear. The baby and the child simply close their eyes in a gentle sleep. It is precious in its simplicity. For others, there is a deep and beautiful faith of the Everlasting Life and Happiness. But to many, the last sleep is the dreaded and final calamity, the night of oblivion, maybe with little gleam-lights here and there, soon obliterated . . . a hopeless end, through doubt and fear!

XLIX

So, again I send the message to the world to drop fear as they would a cursed thing. There must be a strong (like fibrous muscle-strength!) act of the will to do this. With the swift downfall of a sharpened sword-blade, the cord that binds fear to the mortal race should be severed forever. This must come through strong mortal volition. The Heavenly influences for grace cannot otherwise enter. Banish fear! . . . I send this message with an all-powerful command from the Celestial Emanations of the Highest Planes. It is the nearest duty, and the first and greatest obligation that man owes to himself for the preparation and the vision of his future spiritual destiny. . . . When fear is banished, God will enter.

L

FEBRUARY 7TH.

I am here with you . . . write as I direct! . . . The abysses of human consciousness are not often probed. Mortal man lives on the upper strata, happy in the joy of superficiality, skimming over life's span as the swallow lightly flies through the air, occasionally making the deeper curves. But usually the flight with him is surface-flight, the little excrescences of duty and labor, home-cares and their anxieties taking the precious moments of his existence. And these obligations must be fulfilled. It is so ordained. But it is the ultimate purpose and destiny of mortal-man that these gradually become less absorbing, that through intuition and the inward call for a higher guidance the material wants will be easier of solution, and success and accumulation of the material necessities of life may be gathered with a less expenditure of that vital man-energy which should lie dormant as the higher intuitive processes are welcomed. So man is progressing toward this epochal period, though the realization of its undreamed importance will be gradual. The new born earth-baby is one step nearer the unfolding earth's possibility than the baby of the next earlier birth. The will to

conquer is an indomitable force of mortal-man, but this appreciation of the spirit-forces as the far more exalted and easier and complete solution of the problems of mortal life has not been realized.

LI

I have spoken of the spirit-emanations to the mortal life of different worlds and systems. These are the powers that elevate and prepare for the future spiritual planes, but also the powers that sweep in a mighty progress the world-laws for regeneration and ultimate fulfillment of God's supreme purpose. . . . Again, I give the message: Open the heart to serenity. The emanations of all-happiness on the earth and other world-planes are encircling the mortals of these places. The will is a glorious endowment of man, but the realization of those supreme influences of spirit-emanation for guidance is the illuminated goal toward which the mortal is now drifting. It is God's wish that he should not arrive at this through the slower but inevitable supreme law of progress which will be, even without man's effort or volition, but that he should hasten that glorious moment of the mortal awakening by taking to his inmost heart the deeper calm and profound serenity, as preparation for the entrance of the Heavenly forces of spirit-emanations.

LII

FEBRUARY 7TH, EVENING.

Yes, my Beloved, I am with you again. . . . The word "courage" has been in your consciousness, and I placed it there. . . . I give the message of "courage" to mortal-man! . . . Like a mighty unconquerable rushing torrent through a mountain-gorge it dashes impetuously over high and massive rocks . . . dashes, not creeping and slinking weakly around them, a fountain of spray and exhilaration as it enjoys its great leaps over obstacles, wearing away the muddy obstruction on either bank, and carrying the weaker objects along in its joy and enthusiasm, not pushing them aside; whirling in circle-eddies to gather the minutest bits, churning and champing the water until it froths in anger and resentment, gathering its might for the narrow channels that oppose and put out their lean flanks to obstruct, and rushing through with a doubly-mad whirl, with the water thrown high to the gentler winds, until the lurking sunbeams touch and embrace the shimmering mists and transform them into fairy gossamer of iridescence.

And so should mortal-man nurture and encourage this sublime daring through the struggles and

obstacles of life, the keen uplifted sword of conquest in the tense, encircling fingers, the body lithe and active and alert, the eye opened wide in wonder and fearlessness, and the face uplifted to the crested mountain-peaks beyond, not seeing the impenetrable and tangled forests between. Superb is this trait of courage, and super-mortal when the canker of self is not corroding the inner heart. When there exists the inspirational realization that courage and its spoils and conquests must be shared, that tyrannical usurpation must not exist, that its purpose is to be a flaming beacon to lighten and to make light the path for others, a lash to flagellate the laggards, a stimulation for myopic vision, and a precious hope for those who sit by the wayside, discouraged, weary and weak and unrewarded. Virile courage is the life-stimulation for mortal-man. Its freshness sweeps in wild contagious ecstasy through the entire world-race. The spirit-emanations scatter the seeds of lofty courage among the worlds' mortals. It is for these to find them and to plant and to nurture, so that the brilliant flower of virile conquest may spring from the mortal heart.

LIII

FEBRUARY 7TH, EVENING.

I am with you . . . (yes, if not too tired!) . . . . The incense of kind deeds is rising from mother-earth like blue, thin smoke. The spirit-essences see and sense this, for it is visible as well as coming to us through soul-sensibility. I have written before of "kindness" and told you, my beloved husband, to impress its importance on the earth-mortal, for it is (no earth-word again!) a mortal emanation that is nearest related to the Divine Love. It is shy and has a sweet humility like the meadow-grasses of which I told you, and in its finest essence does not seek reward or reciprocation.

If the mortal would try to understand kindness, he would soon understand love. It leaves its gifts at the heart's door of another, and quickly goes away before the door is opened. It is tender and forgiving, and does not see the outer garment, but thinks only of the inner need, or distress or the keener suffering. Those who have given kindness on the earth-plane, freely, like the spontaneous waters of a gushing mountain-spring, have a spiritual Mansion prepared for them of unique happiness. For, as they have given, so will they receive. It is a Beloved Home among the Man-

sions here, and sends its emanations to all other Mansions, and the Spiritual Windows are open wide to receive (no word!) this spiritual florescence . . . fragrance. . . . So tell mortals again to be kind to each other, and to the other creations on the earth. . . . Kindness! . . . Kindness! . . . Let them say it often! . . . Some of its spirit-essence will remain in their hearts, and the flowers of kind deeds and thoughts will blossom. . . . I see the blue, thin smoke of kindness rising from the earth-plane!

LIV

FEBRUARY 7TH, LATER EVENING.

I am here. . . . White! . . . White! . . . the pure heart! . . . I give the message: Cleanse the mind . . . by one will-impulse, and for ever after, guard! . . . Be watchful! . . . there are many doors of entrance, . . . secret, some, and some of invisible minuteness. . . . Seek them and find them, and bar them with the bars of will and prayer! . . . Keep the mind white! . . . No evil can then come. . . . An impure line will leave its mark . . . and then others stealthily creep in and take their places. . . . They know! . . . and even two will breed a nest. . . . No, keep the mind white! . . . If there be a question, the baby will answer. . . .

LV

FEBRUARY 8TH.

Yes, I am here and directing you to write this evening and continue this Message. . . . So mortal-man should have the humility of the lowly grasses, the serenity of the night-star should nestle in his heart, the menacing spectre of deadly fear should be forever banished from his vision, kindness and loving sympathy should benignly flow from an exalted nature. He should be crowned with the courage of aspiring genius, and his thoughts should rest peacefully, uncankered and undefiled, reflecting the Divine Goodness.

I have so written, and what I have written, if followed, will hasten the coming of the Divine awakening on the earth-plane. . . . It is the Message from the Higher Spiritual Forces to be expressed to mortal-man through me, with you, my beloved husband, as the earth-medium of writing.

LVI

FEBRUARY 8TH, EVENING.

. . . I am still with you. . . . I will write of the spiritual colors. . . . Rest! . . . I have written of the serenity of the spiritual places, and the degree of light, of effulgent light that must be in harmony with the spirit-serenity, one that does not deaden to a rest-condition, but stimulates to spiritual activity in sending and receiving the higher spirit-emanations. But while this (no word!) supernal glow is always here, there pass through these infinite spaces in fleeting cloud-lightness, (earth-language!) great and varied color-emanations. From the earth-world and other systems is one source of their appearance here, for emanations of color are constantly rising from mortal planes. They are the spiritual emanations of the mortal soul-impulses and personality and feeling, and they reach us here, some of them, the finer ones, through color-emanations sent from the planes of mortal-worlds and systems . . . only the finer ones (earth language!)! . . . And these come to us as color-waves or color-clouds. The color-emanations of man's baser nature do not enter here, and even the emanations of color of man's more exalted nature are spiritualized when they enter

the portals of the spiritual planes. The spiritual colors are the lighter colors etherealized. There are no earth colors to correspond; those of the wild blue-bell, the hyacinth, the apple-blosom, the anemone of early spring, all tender earth-names, are suggestive of the delicacy (no word!) and spiritual values (no word!) which these spirit-colors create for us. They are the affinities of the condition of serenity. I can explain in no other way . . . and the tints I have mentioned of earth-flowers are earth-tints. There are infinite variations of these spirit-colors that no mortal has seen, but that we see and sense in the first moments (earth-word!) of the "passing over" as I have explained to you. There are also deeper spiritual colors, but the dark, dull ones of mortal-planes are not here. They arise from the baser emanations, but do not reach to this sphere of spirit-life.

LVII

From the "Many Mansions" of the spirit-world there flow also the emanations of colors, characteristic of the spirit-qualities of those that dwell in these Mansions. But, as they are spirit-emanations, their colors will be spiritualized. And as Love (how weak the earth-word!) transmutes and transforms all spirit-life here to its own precious Love-essence, and as each of the Mansions must grow toward Love, so the love-color dominates and harmonizes all color-conditions on the Heavenly spheres. Emanations of color from world-planes could not arrive here except they contained some degree of the Love-Essence. And so I again tell you, it is the love-color that dominates and harmonizes. It is a spiritual color and cannot be expressed in mortal words, but when sensed, you feel God's Presence. For It is Love, and God is Love. And this color-inspiration awaits the mortals when they pass from the worlds'-planes. Spiritual colors cannot be translated or expressed through earth-colors or earth-language.

LVIII

FEBRUARY 9TH.

. . . I am with you. . . . You are early this morning. . . . That is right! . . . Color-emanations! . . . They pass through the spiritual planes, then, as spiritual influence always, each of whatever spiritual color, containing the Essence of the God-Love which harmonizes them so there is no kaleidoscopic (earth-toy!) unrepose to the spirit-vision or spirit-soul. For this important color-element for tranquilization is sensed in each way. Each color-wave has its own soul-tranquilization, but the Love-essence abides in each. So God dwells in these vast color-systems of the planes of spirits, as he does in their weaker earth-manifestations. And, as music (a harsh earth-word as I sense its supernal influences and development about me in the spirit-life!) is the highest mortal art-medium of God's higher spirit-sensibilities, so color, in its undulations, its delicacy of tint and change, its wraith-like encircling tenderness (from which loveliness spring flower-perfumes, the dawns of mornings and the glory that leads to the solemn portals of the night) . . . so color, in its profusion and variety and movement, will be an added medium for mortal art-expression.

LIX

In linking color and music, my Beloved, in the presentation we gave on the earth-plane, the germs exist for beautiful awakening of still deeper sensibilities in the heart of mortal-man. For, with the realization of the union of music and color, the realization of a unique and embyro art-medium, the little slumbering tendrils in the deeper human strata of man's inner consciousness will awaken and creep shyly outward to be expressed through these glorified raiments. The preparation of the outer garment will be the call to arouse further the inner flower-life of man's earth-spirit, each medium a garment of unique loveliness in itself, and already filled with spirit-manifestation before enclosing in its spiritual folds the emanations which mortals vaporize through the arts. So love and beauty are here the outer garments, nurturing by their own essences the emanations of love and beauty, and with man's spiritual awakening will come the realization and the demand toward the linking of color and music (hard words!). They stand impoverished in earth-language . . . a kingly raiment changed to beggars' tatters!

LX

FEBRUARY 9TH, LATER MORNING.

Write again. . . . You are still unwearied. . . . Language! . . . I have spoken often of this, and struggled on the life-plane with its inadequacy for expression. The spirit-life of man is often above the medium of language, brutalized through materiality. The tendency of earth-language is always to rise upwards, but its bonds vitiate, and it is dragged through muddy places, is debauched, its spirit-gleams obliterated. The poet takes the remnants and creates his own heaven; but the medium is gross, and he will struggle to refine where influences are constantly dethroning. With man's increased spirituality, the medium of language will also spiritualize. As material wants become lessened, material words will drop away like waste-matter, more and more, leaving only the gleaming spirit-words, each one a mortal soul-condition, little stars of light, expressive of an entirety of feeling or thought. Can you see here the growth toward the spirit-emanations of our planes, an entire atmosphere projected in one emanation? And so, language, with its strange excrescences and idiosyncrasies will gradually be evolved to a higher spiritual significance, its grossness being an ex-

pression of mortal-man's yet elementary developments. A seeker still of coarse materiality he has not yet reached to the larger spiritual man, but is evolving.

LXI

Again, I give the message from the higher Spiritual Sources. . . . Let man have a greater humility and seek the greater serenity with uplifted eyes. Let him banish fear and have a higher trust. Let him scatter kindness on the earth as the sower scatters the seeds of the spring-time. The ground is watered, and the little crevices of earth open like little mouths, watching and waiting and hoping that each may receive even one seed. They will enclose it, and watch and wait like a mother with child. Let him place on his head the helmet of the warrior with waving plumes that quiver from his inward inspiration and vision . . . a great hunter ready for the chase! And then, my brother-mortals, I give you again, with a great tender love-yearning, the message: Be chaste and pure of heart and mind, . . . the great white entrances, simple but of ethereal dignity, through which God walks into the human consciousness! And may God come to you through these White Places, my Beloved Brothers of the mortal world, and find them as He would wish for His Beloved Children.

LXII

FEBRUARY 9TH, EVENING.

I am with you again to have you write through me. . . . The word "heredity" has been in your mind the early part of the day. I placed it there, and wish to write of this. . . . (Wait! . . . rest!) . . . Heredity! . . . An influence of the past comes into future life and generations to mock or to mar, or again to carry through life on waves of prosperity and ease and buoyancy. It grips firm and fast into the individual, sometimes crippling his will, sometimes endowing him with traits, muddy sluices through which he must laboriously wade before he reaches the end of his journey, and sometimes it strews his pathway with flowers that lead him to fields of swaying golden grain with the glad sunlight and the gentle breezes to refresh him.

Each mortal of earth is born with some such inherited tendencies, that burn deeply and are stamped firmly into his plastic organization. And so the baby comes into the world with its smile of innocence and its gradual wonder-awakening of world-influences, already impregnated with tendencies and traits, with passions and with slumbering tragedy. It is for man to arouse himself to this fact, to seek his weakest links and to make them

strong by will and prayer, so that the entire chain may not be severed. The weakness of a link may be long hidden, but the corrosive spot does not disappear except by the necessary application of the efficacious remedy. If each individual will seek the weakened links of his chain and work at his own forge, making the sparks laboriously fly as he hammers the metal into a condition of perfection and strong resistance, heredity will be God's greatest blessing to man, for then, only the golden traits will remain to be perpetuated. And so this will be another means of hastening God's kingdom on the mortal earth.

LXIII

FEBRUARY 9TH, EVENING, LATER.

You are working faithfully, and as my medium are writing my words. They are my words and do not come from your consciousness, through feeling or mental processes. The world must accept this fact. To him who doubts or refuses there is retrogression, for he has sealed his mind as a tightly sealed vessel, and God cannot enter. There must be faith, a spirit-quality. The mental processes in accepting this, my Message to the mortal earth-world through higher Spiritual Influences than my own, must be eliminated. The highest complete faith will lead to complete realization and conviction, the crown of gleaming gold that is placed on the brow of faith as a consummation and finality. You have had a preparation of fineness in your inner development, hidden from the world, and which you have tried to hide (write as I say. . . . I feel the hesitation!), but have not concealed as you thought. It has developed through the dignity you have given to your art, and through the cultivation of certain traits to which you have aspired. The bond between us in mortal life was unique in its sympathy and united spiritual aspiration. These bonds have linked us for the future into One

Identity. I have told you this before, but wish to emphasize. . . . Write as I direct, for it is not my own Message, but comes from the higher Spiritual Emanations to be repeated. I am the spiritual medium, and you, the earth medium.

I give this message to you impersonally, with the circle of love and identity I hold about your head, repressed . . . I have told you!

LXIV

FEBRUARY 9TH, EVENING, STILL LATER.

I am with you again. You are receptive this evening. I have returned to the atmosphere of spirit-plane emanations and their acceptances, and the sensitive state of the mortal world-receptivity is quiescent in me. The spirit-world so happy (no word! . . . and I express the negative rather than the superlative of an earth-word which form is misunderstood by mortals, especially those who emphasize their thinking and logical processes . . . for happiness on the spiritual plane, which is superlative, is a condition of serenity and ecstasy and aspiration and love for which there is no earth-word or soul-feeling of the mortal . . . it cannot be expressed,) . . . the spirit-world so happy, then, has even in its own Mansions the closer communion of sympathetic identities. For each spirit-soul of a Mansion is different and apart in soul-identity from each other spirit-soul of that Mansion, though all bound together in the ties of love, and in our own Mansion, by the ties of aspiration and sensitive art-appreciation.

LXV

An artist on the world-plane may be more happy with one artist than with another. There is the degree of this affiliation in their mutual aspirations, in their fineness, and in the threads of their imagination and subtler variations of these that are beyond expression. But these subtler differences are sufficient to make the difference of attraction. It is so here, also, in the spirit-realm. We have our close spirit-associates, but, because through Heavenly influence all spirit-life tends to the most sensitive and elevated types in any spiritual Mansion, the close association of the highest types is always increasing, and those who are not so sensitively attuned receive aspirations to become so, and we play upon them to bring them to us. Can you sense the joy of this sympathy of so many spiritual beings together, mutually understanding, mutually loving, mutually assisting each other, all growing, all aspiring, all impregnated with the God-Essence of Love and Beauty? You know, my Beloved, how rare on the earth-plane was even one friend of understanding, one whose heart-strings would vibrate to each of your own sensitive soul-impulses. So in this exalted Place of Love it has been God's Will to make this exquisite, har-

monious adjustment of the Many. . . . The law of isolation is not for the Heavenly Kingdom. . . . There is no room for the one sullen branch. . . . It is the law of evolution towards the highest type, inspirationally understood here, as but dimly appreciated on the mortal plane in the relation of earth-man to earth-man.

LXVI

FEBRUARY 10TH, MORNING.

I am with you again, ever-ready to complete this Message to the earth-world. The command to me still comes to write! . . . The Divine Compassion! . . . An earth phrase of exquisite beauty and tenderness, and maybe, more than any other, expressive of God's Tenderness and Love, that come from the Innermost God-Essence. At times of great earth-sorrow to the earth-man this Holy Influence is felt, and encircles the crushed mortal (flat like an ironed, black metal-surface) with the Angel-wings ever nestling about him, and giving the God-Sympathy permeated with Celestial Hope and God-Love. It is then that man in his loneliness needs the God-Presence the most, and the need is supplied by the permeation that comes to him, mortal-man, through us, His Angel-spirits.

It is God's Divine Compassion that so completely fills at this time with Divine Compassion, spreading, enveloping, with the glory and serenity intertwined, as the fall of the earth's sun into the darkness of night . . . but still more like the creeping glory of dawn; for this leads to the awakening and to the renewed stimulation of the activities of the

sunlight, and revivifies the vital, halting processes of man's activity.

It is a staff of radiant Light, strong in its spiritual strength to uplift and support with its gleam of tenderness and comfort, so that the man of earth may not be overwhelmed in his abyss of suffering, but live again his earth-life, fulfilling his destiny there. And this impression to the mortal, permeating at the time of his greatest need, lingers in the human consciousness, and is the germinating seed through which materiality and worldliness die in him, and give his eye the soul-gleam, which means that God is with him in nearness. And so he walks throughout life surrounded by the holy influences, and is born again through sorrow and the God-Emanation of Divine Compassion.

Let the mortal kneel at the spiritual shrine of Divine Compassion, the Holy Comforter, and adore! It is ever near, awaiting the call of worlds' mortals. Its Essence is the inner Essence of Love, a Fold within a Fold, the Inner Heart of the Inner Heart of the God-Head. It is inexpressible, and only to be understood as the great need sends it to the great void and emptiness, which come through sorrow. . . . The Divine Compassion (gentle earth words!)! Tell the mortal to repeat them often. . . . He will be comforted.

LXVII

FEBRUARY 10TH, MORNING, LATER.

I am with you again in the brightness of your room. I have told you that mortals receive beneficent influences through us, that are not of us. Here, in the Realm of Light, it is different, and the Influences are direct from the God-Essence, through the Christ-Permeation. The Christ moves through these Heavenly planes. I have told you. So what comes to the worlds' men as permeations from Heavenly influences is reflexive through us. For us, the spirits of these places of Light, the influence is direct, and its power (no word! . . . cold!) is enhanced to a degree for which there is no earth phraseology. The nearest that man can understand is the inspirational feeling that comes to an inspired prophet, or an inspired genius . . . and that is far away in its stimulative quickening to the ethereal stimulation of God's Essence about us. With stimulation there is serenity. Can you understand this? I am vainly trying to express spiritual forces and states through the insignificant and inadequate earth-word language. I have endeavored to impress on mortals the idea of spiritual happiness, and through this repetition, to emphasize. Through it there is the overwelling

(no word!) gratitude (cold again!) that God's Essence is all-permeating here, that we of the former worlds'-planes have been released from our bondage, that the realization of the spiritual state transcends the greatest possible earth-visions, that all earth-clouded doubts of the future can never more exist, that trouble, care, infirmity, will never again be in the spiritual consciousness, that there is Heavenly peace, but not eternal rest, for the Spirits of Light are active and growing and living and reaching.

So let the mortal raise his spiritual eyes to these Places of our Abode, for each will enter his own Mansion. . . . I give the message: . . . *Prepare!*

LXVIII

FEBRUARY 11TH, AFTERNOON.

I am with you again, awaiting the further development of my Message through you. You are too tense and must relax. I am writing to you again of the spirit-planes and places. There are questions in your mind. Through God's Grace we are here as His Spiritual Children. There is no annihilation of the mortal soul, or of the soul of the different creations of different mortal worlds. There is understanding through emanation of the different systems of spirit-creation, of spirit-man of different worlds who have come here, the animals, plants, flowers, and what man calls inanimate rock and stone. They all have their spiritual manifestations here and their harmonization. They all grow toward higher expression in the higher spiritual planes, which number is not to be expressed through mortal enumeration. They have their inner, intimate consciousness and communication, kind with kind, in which they have the same happiness as the spirit-mortals have in their own. They communicate also with all spirit-representation of all-creation, and are understood by the mortal-man spirit, when he has "passed over." . . . So tree will communicate with flower, and flower

with rock, and the spirit-life of mortals understands them all. . . .

In this manner is the Heavenly Unity permeated by Love.

LXIX

FEBRUARY 11TH, AFTERNOON.

I begin again! . . . There are no burdens in this Heavenly Realm. A burden is a weight, not commensurate to its strength of support. On the mortal planes, man has not learned yet to call with sufficiently vital faith from Heavenly sources, so that support may be sufficient for the need. So there exist earth-burdens, under which man totters and is often overwhelmed. I send the message: "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you! Ask, and you shall receive!" But the demand must be strong, a higher faith must exist, not a pusillanimous knocking or asking. Mortal-man of different worlds' systems does not yet understand the word faith. Fear and doubt, the double-edged sword of subtle destruction, have bit by bit shattered its pieces, and only with slow labor do they find each other again, so as to make the strong faith and not the one, doubt-eaten and fear-stricken. So the words, "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you," must be felt again, as I have told you before in these Letters, with a new, vigorous and fresh vision which will kindle conviction.

Doubt and fear! They are the sentinels of darkness and malediction that stand before faith and

keep the God-Essence from entering the human heart. It is so simple! Tell mortals to study the little child more, and faith will blossom soon with them.

The burdens of Heaven! . . . I have spoken of those of earth. There are none in these Heavenly planes, for the uplifting powers of spiritual forces, higher than our own, are so immediate and all-surrounding that faith is no longer a characteristic of the spirit-soul. It is not necessary. Realization is ever present.

. . . My brothers of the mortal world, can you sense in a small degree from what I have just told you, the spiritual radiance of these planes of ours? For faith, the faith that the Precious Christ preached on earth as something necessary and all-abiding to mortal-man, has given place to the higher realization. . . . The Regal Crown to the Flower!

LXX

FEBRUARY 11TH, EVENING.

Calm! . . . Rest! . . . I am with you again, my Beloved, with the deep love in my heart for all earth-mortals, and the wish, . . . ardent (no word!) to comfort them and give them a new hope and a new belief, a stronger surety on the old, wavering faith that casts its vision only upward to the fields of stars where mortal man has been fictitiously taught to look in aspiration. He must look past the stars. That vision to the stars in its almost infinite earth-limits is a distance like the short-measured rule he uses to measure limited earth-distance. But the place of his vision, of his faith, should be centered on God's Realm, the Place of "Many Mansions," the infinite planes of infinite beings from infinite worlds. And through life he should walk with this vision always before him, and remember that his Mansion there, and his influence as one of the infinite number in that Mansion, depend on his mortal aspirations for that place, which are measured by deeds, duty, kindness, godliness, reverence, a clean heart, imagination, and the eternal hope and belief in regeneration and the new birth through Heavenly Forces and in Heavenly Places. Deeds and duty! . . . Man was in-

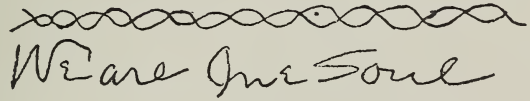
tended for action with a never slumbering hope and vision. . . . Kindness! An earth-flower, nurtured there by God's Love . . . but it must spring into action by sowing the soul-seeds through mortal nurture. . . . Godliness! Following the promptings of his profoundest heart-impulses. These are the Divinity or God-Essence in his nature. They must be obeyed. . . . Reverence! a trait of sonship that bears its own nobility. . . . Chastity! White! The Inner Garment! . . .

LXXI

A FEW MOMENTS LATER.

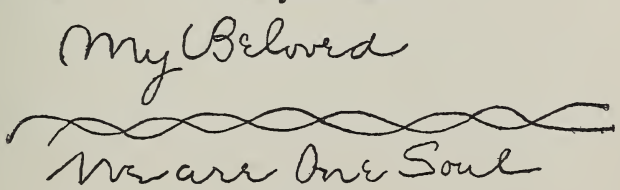
I am with you again. . . . You are tired. . . . We are near the end. . . . I feel the influences waning. . . . My Beloved, the Message I give to you from the Higher Realm is drawing to a close . . . I feel them leaving me. . . . I send my overwhelming love-impulses through to the mortal-world. . . . My last Message is: Believe and Know with a New Faith and Full Conviction, *There is No Death!* . . . I have told this to the world-mortals for their regeneration. . . . I leave you. . . .

ANNE SIMON.



IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING.

. . . I am with you again, my beloved husband; the Message is over and it is sufficient and will be a great uplift to the world. . . . I write again for the end. . . . It is on your mind:

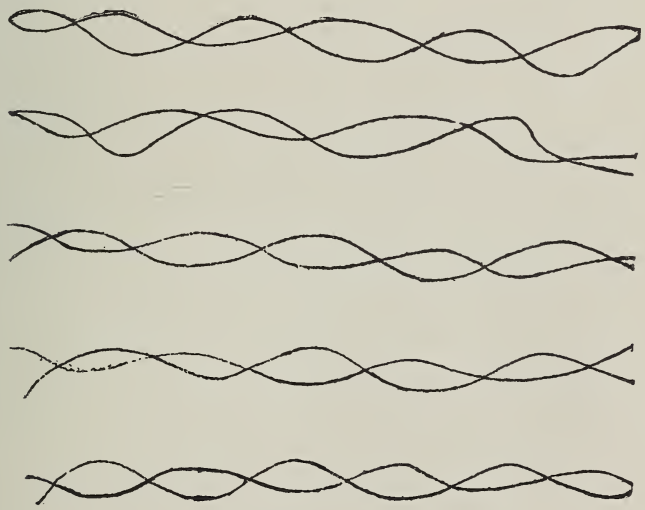


. . . The inspirational Message is over . . . I will be with you always, and am now, at this moment. . . . You heard my manifestation. . . . No, there is no more! . . . . . .

LXXII

FEBRUARY 12TH, 1:20 A. M.

. . . All is well and beautiful. . . . Fear! . . . Remember! . . . The Message is the Message! . . . There is no more! . . . Dick, I wrote these after I had closed. . . . Place them last in my Letters. . . .



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